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ABSTRACT

The teachers guide explains how original class reading books were made from children's own work for an elementary grade oral literature project in an urban education environment, and presents a collection of these stories. The objective was not to set up scholastic rules for composition but, rather, to concentrate on the natural competency of bilingual children with spoken language. Since children of many races and cultures comprised the two experimental classrooms the intention was to have children express themselves in terms of their cultural heritage, retaining and encouraging the ethnic flavor in a comfortable yet imaginative manner. The teacher hand-wrote stories that children volunteered to tell them, typed the stories, and returned them to the individual students to read. Pronunciation errors and patterns of grammatical errors were noted by the teacher during transcription, making these mistakes gradually evident to the student. Sets of language drills were designed by the teacher to correct these problems. From this project the children gained an enjoyment of literature, a sense of competency with language, and most important, a sense of society within the classroom. A related document is SO 003 126. (SJM)

A DAY DREAM I HAD AT NIGHT

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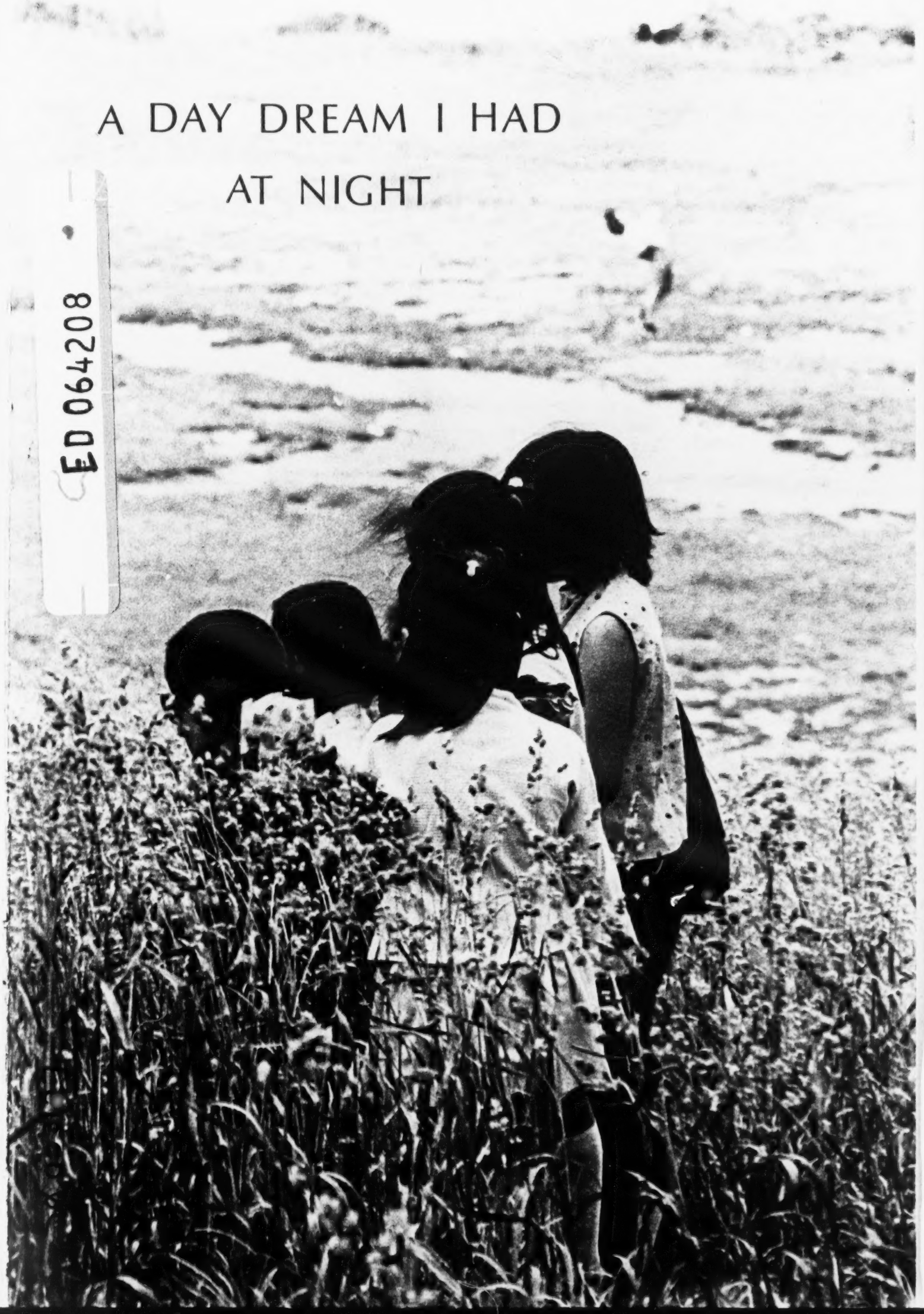

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ABOUT TEACHERS AND WRITERS COLLABORATIVE

Teachers and Writers Collaborative brings together writers, teachers and students for the purpose of creating a curriculum which is relevant to the lives of children today. We believe that writers and teachers working together can encourage children to create their own literature from their own language, experience and imagination. The Collaborative places professional writers in classrooms to work on a regular basis with interested teachers. The writers maintain detailed diaries of their work there, and these diaries, along with the works of the students, become the raw materials for the project's publications—newsletters, curriculum materials, anthologies. We particularly hope that other teachers may find in our materials some ideas that will be of use to them in classrooms. Toward that same end we have conducted formal and informal workshops for teachers since the inception of the program.

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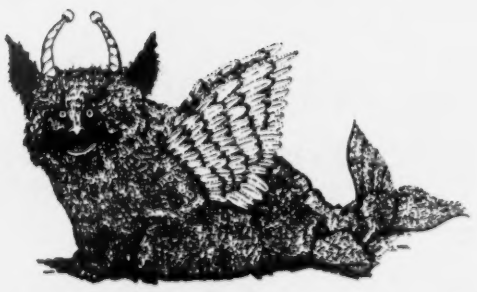
A DAY DREAM I HAD AT NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES: Teaching Children How To Make Their Own Readers

by Roger Landrum
and Children from
PS 1 and PS 42
in New York City



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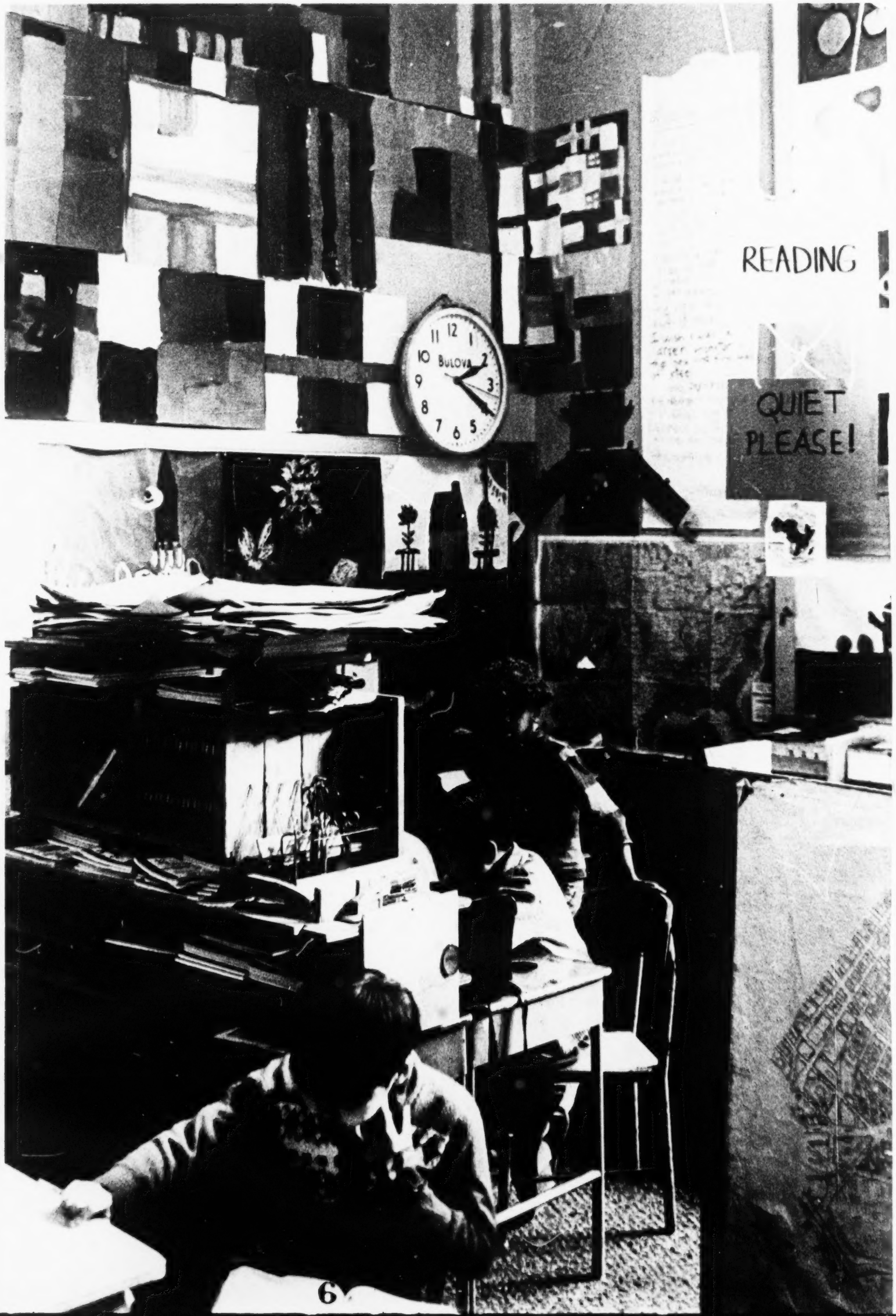

READING
QUIET
PLEASE!
BULOVA

Teaching Children How To Make Their Own Readers

.... I put my hand on my cheek and I was sitting on my bed. I saw Mr. Currier teaching and the class writing and Mr. Currier is pointing a stick on the blackboard. Everybody seems quiet. Everyone is sitting in a circle in the math area. In Class 410 we never had a day so quiet before. I feel sitting on something soft. (This wasn't in color, it was in black and white.) Mr. Currier is mumbling something and writing on the blackboard. Eddy wasn't himself. He didn't say anything or interrupt the class. Mr. Currier didn't yell at him and something seems wrong. They stopped writing and I didn't have a pencil or desk or a book to write on. Mr. Currier is giving some kinds of questions. Suddenly I look at myself in the class. I was wearing pajamas and a blanket was covering me but people were looking at me as if I wasn't wearing pajamas... There wasn't no light and the classroom didn't seem like it was a classroom. No pictures hanging on the wall. No math table. No gerbils. No rabbit cage. No rabbit shit smelling. Everything is like a movie and it is a little bit invisible. You can see a little bit through them....

Jonathan Ling, from
"A Day Dream
I Had At Night"

In the Manhattan midwinter of 1971 two elementary school teachers and I began an oral literature project. We wanted to cultivate and collect an original literature with the children of two classes and out of that produce a new language curriculum. My colleagues were Bill Currier, who teaches 4th grade at PS 1 on the edge of Chinatown, and Norma Brooks, who teaches a 5th grade at PS 42, a few blocks east. In both schools there are many children who are not learning to read well or write competently or feel any real sense of satisfaction in school. We thought if we

made some class readers out of the children's own work, recorded the readers in a tape library, and designed a set of language exercises, we could inspire growth of the necessary skills. The key to our whole venture was special concentration on the natural competency of the children with spoken language and with vernacular stories and tales out of their background and their community. We wanted to free them from the burdens of writing and schoolbook English in the beginning. After collecting a body of their own literature we planned to work back through reading, writing and grammar.

The plan was that I would work in each class at least two half days a week when we would concentrate on the project. An organized group of local teachers affiliated with an organization named Teachers Incorporated (which had government and foundation funds) voted to pay me for two days a week on this project and also pay for some simple equipment. Teachers and Writers Collaborative paid for a third day of work a week.

Bill Currier and Norma Brooks were experimenting with open classrooms. Currier's class had removed the desks to the school basement in December—literally carrying them down the stairs with great bangs and laughter (to the principal's irritation)—and worked now at tables in learning and teaching areas, later to be immortalized in Jonathan Ling's "A Day Dream I Had At Night." In Brooks' class the desks were pushed together forming table-like surfaces and sitting groups. There was one long low plywood table with floor cushions. Her students sat in groups of their own making. There were no specific learning areas like Currier's layout in Class 410 but there were the same piles of curriculum resources everywhere. In both classes the students usually worked in small groups, sometimes with the teacher, sometimes independently. Sometimes they worked on projects or curricula of their own choice or devising, sometimes on teacher-directed assignments. Kids talked and moved about in both classes. There was energy and sound in abundance; they were basically delightful places to be.

The most extraordinary thing about the public schools in this part of the Lower East Side is that they are a meeting ground for many races and cultures. PS 42 draws from recently immigrated Chinese, Puerto Ricans and Blacks living in low-income tenements. PS 1 draws from somewhat more settled folks of the same origins living in low-income public housing projects. Both classes were a little more than half Chinese—some citizens, some not, some born here, some newly arrived—with the rest Latins and Blacks. Class 507 in PS 42 was an upper track 5th grade (kids who score well on the city-wide once-a-year reading exam) and Class 410 was a lower track 4th grade. Class

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee Ff Gg Hh Ii Jj Kk Ll Mm Nn

Oo Pp Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz

Learn how to pronounce, spell, and write sentences with these words

Use the Dictionary

1 whistle
2 whisker
3 which
4 church
5 chinese
6 wipe
7 sip
8 soap
9 ship
10 chiller

1 harbor
2 barge
3 freighter
4 cutter
5 tugboat
6 fireboat
7 sturdy
8 dusting
9 engaging
10 eager
11 model

410

507 had 32 children, Class 410 had 22. Our project had the approval of the District Superintendent, Dr. Shapiro, and the principals of the two schools, Dr. Glassner and Mr. Krimsky (later Mr. Grief at PS1), and the parents of many of the kids who were involved.

I want to declare right off that as far as I am concerned the project worked wonderfully well. Not exactly as we had planned, I admit, but gradually, irregularly, often unexpectedly, and surely, the stories and other parts of the plan emerged. Best of all, we got a fine set of class readers. This little book, addressed mainly to teachers who are doing similar work or who would like to give it a try, tells approximately how we worked and presents a collection of stories.

1. NATIVE IMAGERY

If there is a theory behind what we have done, it runs counter to textbook teaching of language arts. First we plumbed and drew out a child's natural language and imagery; then we moved into skills teaching. We assumed the innate creative power of a child's mind; not the powers of memory or imitation or computation with which most teachers work, but the powers of generating verbal imagery. Sylvia Ashton-Warner calls this "native imagery." I like that phrase. It's a good name for a palpable but somewhat mysterious capacity kids have. Their imagery mixes a rapidly expanding perception of physical reality with the growing inner dimensions of imagination and the unconscious.

There's a great deal more to say about native imagery. Some of it is universal, common to the species. It's there and growing in children, like teeth and hair. All a teacher has to do is acknowledge it—no matter how incomprehensible—and make it a comfortable part of class reading and writing. Another part of native imagery is specific to a cultural heritage and embodied in a family, a race and ethnic tradition. Each ethnic culture teaches its children very different and even conflicting beliefs from other ethnic cultures about the nature of things. Ethnic insight may be expressed in intricate dialectical variations of English usage. A third part of native imagery is individual and rooted in the talents and experiences of a single child, like individual facial expressions and features. They all add up to a child's style of thought and language.

Rob a child of his native imagery and you deflate his mental enthusiasm and his confidence, you cut him off at the root. Unfortunately, teachers often forget their psychology and anthropology and impose their own imagery in

reading and writing and thinking. Sylvia Ashton-Warner, John Holt, Kenneth Koch and others write about school work based in the native talents of children but the practice is not yet widespread. I hope this book does what Wishes, Lies and Dreams does for teaching poetry, by showing what remarkable stories and exposition kids can author, how to make class readers, and roughly how to get into their native talents in the classroom.

2. HOW WE WORKED AT FIRST

Unlike Kenneth Koch we didn't use leading ideas with the children at first. We did have ideas we wanted to use to inspire fiction and exposition and tales collected from home, but we didn't employ them at first. Stories are not as esoteric in American life as poetry, and we wanted to find the themes and imagery and language in the minds of the kids. We wanted their stories from outside school, whether they came from television or a grandmother. We wanted to make the vocabulary, wit, reality and invention with which they talked outside school a source for reading and spelling and writing inside school. We wanted the children to find their classroom inspiration for plots and scenes and characters in each other's stories. So we started the project as simply as possible.

The three of us hand-wrote any story which any child wanted to tell us. We typed the stories at home (later on we brought a typewriter into one of the classrooms and did it right there). Then we brought them back in and had the author read them back to us. Some of the most interesting stories were read to the whole class (that later became pleasantly institutionalized).

While copying the stories down we noted pronunciation errors and while typing them we took notes on grammatical errors—not every error but patterns of errors. Some of the patterns were individual, some were ethnic. We didn't watch only for errors. Some kids had already mastered specific grammatical constructions (tenses for example) from which the others could learn and expand their range for composing. Since the kids could see the sources in their own work of the instruction in pronunciation and grammar there was a distinctive commitment to the work. We were definitely not guardians of good grammar, as you will see in the story collection. We corrected mistakes, not idioms consistent with the style of a story, and we corrected mistakes slowly at a pace which each kid could absorb. Our aim was to help the kids learn to use the full power and range of language in class, from tenses to capturing street dialogue.

Mainly, at this stage, we were getting a feel for the children's sense of story and language, and we were giving them a chance to get used to this oral method of composition and seeing their words and ideas come back in print. There is a subtle interplay of possibilities working between a child and adult which determines directions and quality in each child's work far more than any system of thought about grammar or literature. His choices are very much a result of mutual enthusiasms, intuitions, and appreciations. Humor in stories, for example, will grow only when there is laughter. The quality of the work in a classroom is partly determined by the general setting (what educators call the "learning environment") but it is concluded in the quick flow of intelligence and human feeling between the adult and child. For this, we wanted a slow prelude.

In Class 507 Norma Brooks divided the class in half and she and I proceeded to get a story from each and every student by schedule. We wanted a preliminary look at each child's oral style. The kids could tell any story they wanted. If they had trouble coming up with something we asked them a simple question about the salmon they had been studying in Man: A Course of Study. They could dictate the answer. I asked for a description of the life cycle of the creatures. A lot of kids took this easy way out and answered the question rather than tell a story. Some kids told bummers—half-baked stories which they didn't like any more than I did, including "Cinderella" and "The Gingerbread Man." There were some fine ones. Kenneth Lee told "The Monsters" with a great last line: "The people never remembered the monsters, but still all the monsters slept in the soft ground of the cemetery." Fu Ching Huang told "Bigmouth and Nick's Fish" and Sally Low told a little piece about mountain lions. All these stories became part of our first class reader, Can I Tell You A Story? Each student got back his typed manuscript and some brief individual work on pronunciation or grammar. Now they knew what to do when a story came to mind. It was awkward pushing them before they had something they chose to dictate and scheduling the two of us ahead for two weeks. I wouldn't do it that way again. The beginning at PS 1 was low key and more organic.

In Class 410 Bill Currier announced my availability to anyone who had a story on his mind. He went on teaching lessons. Right off one of the Black boys asked me if he could tell a story. We sat down at a table in a corner and as he began to tell the story he also began writing it down himself. I didn't stop him. What he did was ask me to spell about every third word for him. His writing was so slow and painful that it drained the enthusiasm from both of us so finally I asked him if I could write the story as he told it. We finished in 10 minutes at a pace far more conducive to telling a good story. Bill Currier was teaching a

reading lesson with 8 kids in another corner. Bryan called out to him and charged over, interrupting the lesson. Currier, with a sense of priority and good judgment I later came to rely heavily on, read the story to the group holding Bryan beside him. They liked it (the story was about four monsters). They listened closely with appropriate chuckles and suspense. Currier asked a few comprehension questions as if to test their concentration and they knew all the answers. We all felt fine about it and Bryan swelled up like a strutting turkey for hours. That was the first in a long series by a boy who hated writing and the Bank Street Readers. His next story, "King Kong Versus The Robot Monster", became a class favorite, especially when we got it on tape. He did a serial story on one character, Sargent Fory, which became a book of its own, and he composed a lot of other material, including one of the elegant sentences of the season, the introduction to his composition on the salmon life cycle: "In the streams in the woods of far off places salmon climb waterfalls to lay their offspring."

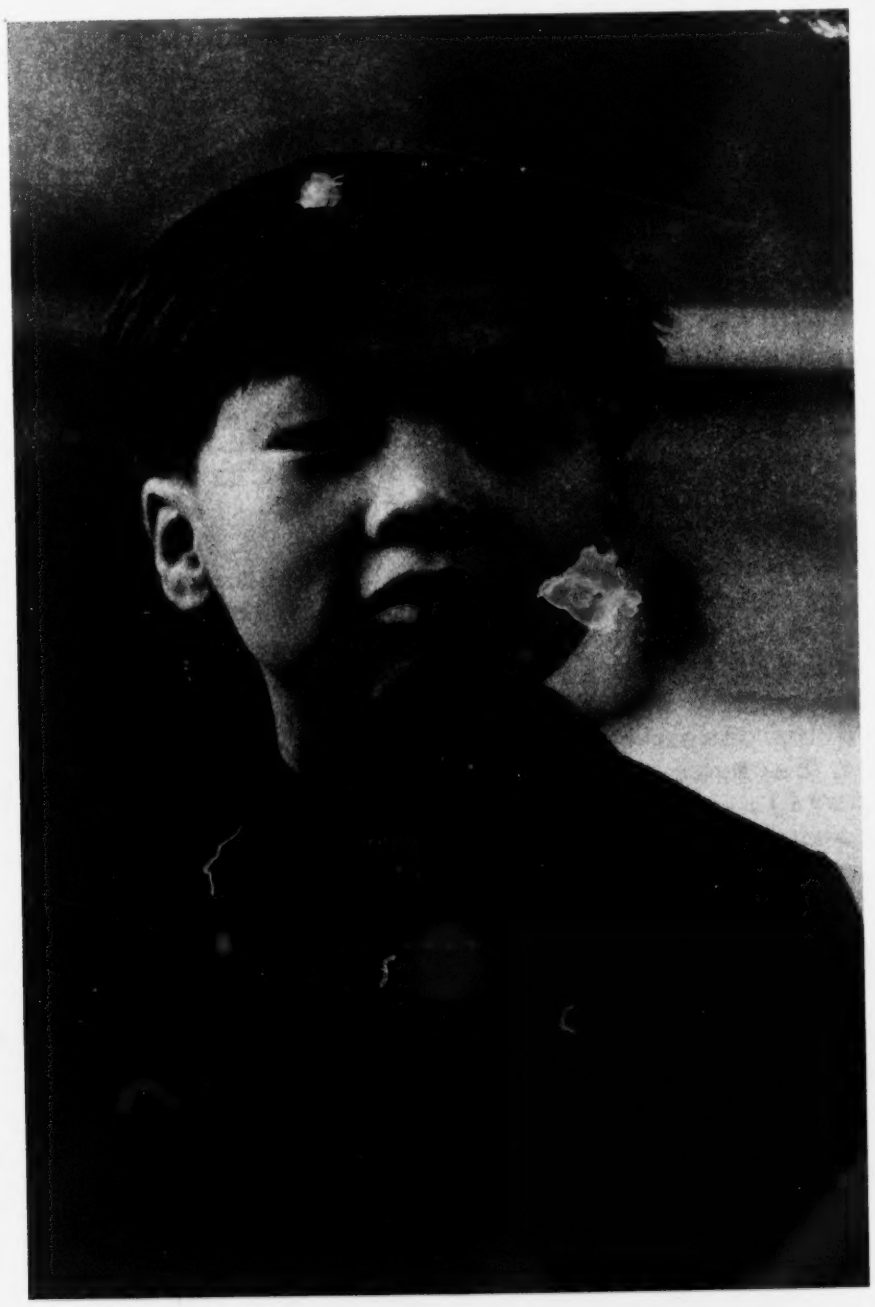
Several other kids in Class 410 got right into it—Eddy Young, John Morris, Nana Chu, Ruthie Cruz—but most of the kids held back. Even with children personality and trust have something to do with who you tell a story to and when. Some kids didn't know they knew any stories or that they could invent them. Some were checking out the consequences before trying it. Some told Currier a story before they would tell me. Not Eddy Young.

Eddy Young is an iron-willed Chinese boy of exceptional oriental (or any-other-kind of) disposition. His instincts are to get involved in new things. Except for art and math, in which he did fast and solid work, he wasn't doing much because he didn't know much English. His parents wouldn't let him go on class trips or leave Chinatown without them (that later became the subject of a story by two other Chinese boys). After the desks were taken out he moved slowly around the open classroom a little unsure of what a well-behaved Chinese boy should do without a desk and textbooks. But he marched up after Bryan had finished his story to announce that he too had a story to tell. It was called "Americans Fight Another Land" and turned out to be a war story told in pidgin English complete with a harakiri at the end by the enemy general. The English went like this:

> .... And other side soldier always fire them. But all of them miss. No one American soldier dead. And the American soldier throw the bomb them. And other side soldier too much dead. Almost all dead. And the torpedo boat get the torpedo. The other soldier know it and he kill them. And then Americans say, "oh, they kill our soldier." Other

side say, "haha, we only got 5,000 soldiers. We have to hurry to attack them..."

I wasn't certain just what to do with the story. It was revealing to us (the teachers) as an extreme version of the language problems we had to contend with in teaching the Chinese immigrants English, and it was entertaining. But where to start working with Eddy? I started with subject-verb agreement, with plurals and with specific American idioms to replace his literal translations of Chinese



constructions. After having Eddy hear and repeat these corrections of his text, I had him read his original dictation back to me. I let him make any corrections which he saw and wanted to make. The rest stood as it was. I didn't read the story to the class to avoid any reactions to his English at this point. After that Eddy told lots of stories, notably "Mr. Landrum and the King of the Cockroaches", one of the most evocative stories I have ever heard about the paranoia of children living in cockroach-infested apartments. I worked closely and privately with Eddy on the English in each of his stories until we had a version he was satisfied with.

From this process I believe Eddy learned how to learn in an open classroom. After individual pronunciation and grammar drills he absorbed the lessons in group drills like a sponge. He also listened in on the stories other kids dictated and learned from their English. The truly daring thing he did as a Chinese boy was to assimilate the American idiom of language from the Black and Puerto Rican kids. He picked up their phrases from arguments, fights, and put downs and put ons. I saw him one morning sitting on the teacher's stool for a few minutes trying out his "god damn you" on each of the other kids as they filed in. He used his new phrases as a way into non-Chinese ball games and contests of verbal wit and other adventures on the playground and in the classroom.

Whenever an exciting lesson occurred with my group at any time Eddy would appear at the corner of the group listening as he listened to kids dictate stories. He perfected movement and listening in the open classroom. From the direct contact of dictations he also developed an appropriately Chinese way of asking hard questions in the middle of too-superficial lessons or in unexpected places on trips when something caught his mind: "Mr. Currier, I ask you a question..." ...pause ...question. Some of the questions were: (from the top of the Brooklyn Bridge which was the only trip he was allowed to make) "Why is the water blue here (looking straight down) and green there (looking some distance down or up river)?" (In the middle of a group lesson on animals of the African savannah) "Mr. Currier, I ask you, how do elephants mate?" When I asked if the kids in a group believed that man came from apes he answered that men do but women do not. He wasn't able to explain that deduction clearly. I think it had something to do with body hair. I doubt if we would ever have discovered Eddy's brilliance if it had not been for the unveiling which came through the dictating and re-writing of his stories.

After the rest of Class 410 left one day John Morris lingered and said that he had a story to tell if I wanted to stay and hear it. I did. That shy beginning turned out to

be, "My Worst Day of School With the Letters of the Alphabet", the first in a line of Morris classics. More about him shortly. The next day Nana Chu came over and told an odd little story which I barely understood:

THIS STORY IS ABOUT A PIG

> One day the little pig is dancing and is having fun and the mother is going to dance too. Both of them have fun, and the mother goes away. The little pig is crying because nobody plays with her. And the mother comes back. The mother saw her little pig crying and said, "what's the matter?" "Isn't there something happening?" The little pig tells her what he saw, and he saw his mother going away, so, "I am crying."

Nana told two more stories with the same lost child theme before she began to expand upon her themes and plots and English usage from hearing other kids' stories and from private dictations and lessons on her English.

Since there were no more volunteers I began to ask other kids for stories, saying how easy it was, that anything would do, and suggesting subjects. No luck. Some said they didn't know any stories. Others weren't quite ready yet, they said. I tried out the salmon question and got several compositions that convinced a few kids that they too had things on their minds. But now that the bold ones were started, Currier and I had to think out how to begin the others. Basically, we decided to lay back and wait for them to learn from the pathfinders, to find an idea of their own, and to decide to take the risk of appearing in print.

One girl named Ruthie Cruz didn't want to say anything about salmon but she wanted to try a composition about alligators. First she wanted to know more about them. We went to the library for some encyclopedia digging and I got her interested in the differences between alligators and crocodiles. She wanted me to do it, but I made her do the reading. We discovered that encyclopedias use the most pedantic English anyone could think up, and we discovered that the word "alligator" comes from the Spanish "el lagarto", which delighted Ruthie Cruz. That sealed it. She had what she wanted and composed a little piece called "The Differences Between Alligators and Crocodiles" (complete with intricate illustrations) which went like this:

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES

Alligators have a bumpy head and the crocodile has a flat head. The crocodile is longer than the alligator. Crocodiles are 18 to 30 feet and alligators are 8 to 15 feet.

If the alligator and crocodile fight you don't know who wins. If you get near an alligator or crocodile they may eat you alive.

The mother crocodile lays more eggs than the mother alligator. They don't guard the babies. The alligator mother builds a nest near the den. The nest is from dead leaves, sticks and mud. The mother crocodile builds a hole in the sand to put the eggs in.

The crocodile has a flat tail and the alligator has a skinny tail.

The crocodile's tail looks like a dinosaur tail. The alligator's tail looks like a big snake's tail.

There's two alligator species and five crocodile species. The alligators are named The American and The Chinese. The American alligator lives in the United States of America in Louisiana, Mississippi and Florida. The Chinese alligator lives in the Yangtse River. Alligators live in fresh water.

The five crocodiles are named The American Crocodile, the Salt Water Crocodile, the Nile Crocodile, the Madagascar Crocodile, and the Orinoco Crocodile. The Salt Water Crocodile lives in Australia, India and China. The Nile Crocodile lives in Egypt and Africa.

The alligators and crocodiles are reptiles. They lay eggs and have cold blood.

Some are nice.

THE END

Ruth Cruz

The point of all this is how slowly we got started in both classes, how careful we were not to intervene in the sources of stories and language, and how few of the kids got visibly into the project right away. It was weeks even after the production of Can I Tell You A Story? before many of the kids told a story.

I should point something out. Copying the stories down is slow work. Not all of them are interesting. Only a few are truly exciting. You can get sleepy—with or without coffee—or bored or nervous. But copying the dictations down is crucial work. The way you listen affects the children. It can inspire a child if you respond—laughing, groaning, nodding, exclaiming. If you lose your concentration the kid will drift too. The minute-by-minute reaction to dictation is tricky business. One of the most remarkable stories, "The Spitting Boy", was over my head during dictation. I had no sense of coherence listening to the story until I typed it later. You have to curb your impulses and go for lots of material to sift out later. Besides the story you have to concentrate on pronunciation, grammar and styles so you can work on those later with individuals or groups.

An inoffensive way to begin language instruction presented itself immediately. The patterns of mispronunciation of English by the Chinese children were easy to isolate and had nothing to do with changing their compositions. They simply couldn't as a rule make the sounds in English which didn't occur in the Chinese language, just as they left out or mixed up English grammatical constructions which didn't occur in Chinese or occurred in different patterns. I had directed some Peace Corps training programs when the organization adopted a highly effective drilling method in teaching non-western languages to Volunteers and also taught the Volunteers a method for teaching English in foreign countries. So I designed similar drills for the Chinese students in the two classes. The drills were conducted in small groups. Phonemes like "th", "br", and "or" which the Chinese kids had trouble hearing and pronouncing were taught through sequences of hearing the exact sounds, making the sounds, then reading and writing the sounds. We called it the hear-it, say-it, read-it, write-it drill. The drill moved from the phonemes to words with the sounds within:

Pronunciation Drill A	hear it say it read it write it

(cont'd)

1. or.....for
   door.....more
   roar.....soar

2. thing..... sting
   that..... fat
   them ..... stem

3. death ....birth
   mother...father

4. fur...our...cure

5. brown...break...beak...bought...brought
   pound...play...part...purr...pick

6. fur..... purr
   fall.....ball
   fly..... dry
   flow..... row

7. father...other...mother...better

They liked the tight instruction in groups with problems which they easily recognized as their own. Within two weeks most of the Chinese children could pronounce the new sounds.

We kept the format of the drill for later work on grammar and sentences, and for group instruction in such subjects as the animals of the African savanna and the solar system:

Pronunciation Drill B

hear it
say it
read it

baboon
cheetah
gazelle
gnu
troop
community
competition
relationship
gnawing
tearing
grinding

impala
water buffalo
hunting dog
rhinocerous
zebra
giraffe
savanna
wart hog
ostrich
leopard

(spelling test words)

baboon buffalo
troop zebra
giraffe danger

Grammar Drill A

hear it
say it
read it
write it

1. body.... bodies
   pound ... pounds
   mate ... mates
   hole.... holes
   man .... men
   mouse ...mice
   baby.... babies
   fish .... fishes

2. they live ...he lives
   they dig....she digs
   eggs break..egg breaks
   they say....he says
   they lay ....she lays

3. he is.......they are
   he was .....they were

Grammar Drill B

hear it
say it
read it

concentrate
listen
wait my turn
sentence
pronounce

This is a language drill.
I can concentrate.
I can listen and learn.
I can wait my turn before talking.
I can concentrate on words and sentences.
I can listen to someone else talk.
I can hear a word, pronounce the word,
spell the word, and write the word.

Sentence Drill A

hear the sentence
say the sentence
read the sentence

1. Tomorrow Bryan will either go to Shea Stadium or to Thompsonville Park.

2. Eddy's orbit around Class 410 passes the gerbil's cage, the rabbit's cage, Kam's assignment sheets, Jonathan's Dream T.V., and Little Tiny Pinny's ghost.

3. Moons revolve around the planets, which spin on their axes, and revolve around the sun, which rotates on its axis, and this is called the Solar System.

4. The Moon rotates on its axis and revolves around the Earth, which spins on its axis and revolves around the sun.

5. To remember dreams you have to think about them early in the morning, tell them to a friend, and write them on paper.

From that first simple drill, conducted with swift hand signals and quick responses, the students learned something about the nature of small group work; and we progressed to more and more sophisticated forms of group work.

CAN I TELL YOU A STORY?

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3. CAN I TELL YOU A STORY? AND OTHER CLASS BOOKS

After several weeks Norma Brooks, Bill Currier and I met to talk about making a class book of the best stories we had collected. Norma suggested that we divide the stories into several categories, making each a chapter of the book. The kids would see their compositions in a real book with chapters and themes and they could read them in digestible bites. We typed 18 compositions on ditto sheets and a table of contents.

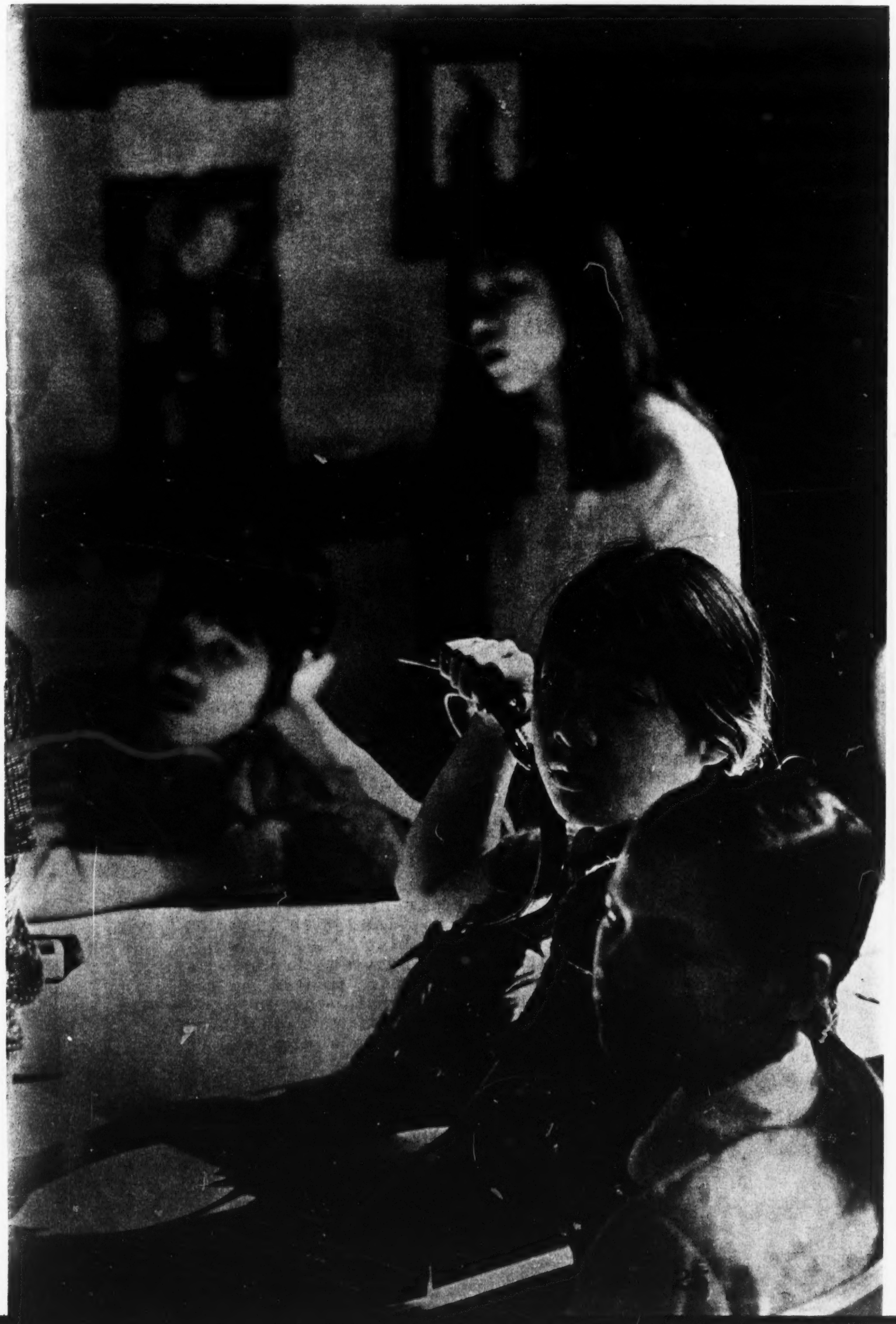
The authors in Class 410 made drawings on the ditto sheets to illustrate their stories. An art committee was organized in Class 507 and assigned to illustrate the stories on accompanying ditto sheets. We ran off 30 copies of each page on school machines and paper and collated them ourselves, inserting each copy into a manilla folder. We stapled them in, bound the staples with Mystic Tape, and covered the folders with leopard-skin Con-Tac. Completing 10 books took us from 3:30 to at least 9 p.m.—after a long day in school—and we retired to the Eastern Star (a local bar) to celebrate on Singapore Slings. The next day the new books appeared complete with a ceremonial reading, and took conspicuous places in the class libraries. They caught on fast. In fact they rivaled the class comic books for 1st place at free reading time. We also gave copies to other teachers in the two schools to see if the readers interested other classes. Teachers and Writers Collaborative selected some of the material for the May-October issue of their publication, which wowed the famous authors when the issue came out. After that we loosened the operating principles for the project and began to promote some ideas for books.

We also got organized in Class 507. Norma Brooks and I formed two small groups of 6 students each selected by what we had learned in the opening round of compositions. Each group had a couple of verbal kids, a couple with reading problems, some with hard-to-understand pronunciation. We made it clear that any kid in the class could dictate a story at any time he had one ready, or he could hand in written stories. But we wanted to get the two groups so we could supervise a search for some family and ethnic stories.

We asked the Chinese kids in the groups to find out how their parents and grandparents got from the China mainland to Hong Kong or Taiwan, and from there to the USA. There was some seat-squirming over that assignment which I later found had to do partly with the formality of relationships between children and parents in Chinese families but especially with the secrecy and illegality of a lot of the migration facts. Some of the kids produced accounts which we later collected into a slim volume titled Leaving China. Among the titles: "How My Parents Got Married to Each Other", "How My Mother's Life Began (I Know The Whole Story)", and "How We Came From China." They were vintage recollections, among them this lovely passage by a terribly shy girl who I think never would have volunteered a story:

> My parents came from China to Hong Kong. On that day my mother and brothers came to Hong Kong. That day it was raining and they didn't have water to drink. My father was there in China because the government didn't let the whole family go because they were scared that all the people stay in Hong Kong. They didn't want to go back to China because they had to do a lot of hard work. After they stayed there for some months my father came to Hong Kong.
>
> My mother didn't want to go back to China again. We lived with my grandmother. The building was little and we had to sleep together in one bed. Five people slept in one bed. The next day my cousin told us to move in a village because we would have more place to sleep. My father, mother and brothers made a new house next to the other house. In our house we had a little barn and we had chickens and trees and a well. We lived there for some months and my father went to work and the job was selling gold fish. We had to make a big pool for the fish. When we finished the pool we played in it for several days, then my father put the gold fish in it....
>
> Linda Wong, from
> "How We Came From China"

That set of stories raised questions which had to be dealt with sooner or later if we were to get any deeper. When the kids are not the authors, how do you collect the stories? Do you give them a tape recorder to get the original story in Chinese (or Spanish) and translate it later in



class? Do you get it copied in Chinese script as it is told and then translate it, or do you train the kid to listen closely and recall it as accurately as possible in the language of the story teller? If the kids do not translate in their minds into English, how do you work the translations? Do you get an expert? Do you supervise inter-linear translations as I had done in Africa? We did not resolve any of these questions until later.

I was working more regularly in Class 410 than Class 507—sometimes three full days a week—and began to teach other parts of the curriculum. I had some ideas I wanted to work on—a whole earth curriculum—and I wanted to try teaching Man: A Course of Study. But Currier and I were taking stories any time a kid had one ready to tell. They were beginning to pour in, even from the silent periphery of the class. I think it was an immense relief for those kids in the lower track to be able to see themselves in print despite the skills they lacked in reading, writing and spelling. And also in having something to read besides the Bank Street Readers and library books. Class 507 didn't need that relief. Their top-track facility with writing had different implications for the project.

Currier and I soon became bogged down with backlogged requests to tell stories, with typing and analyzing for pronunciation and grammar drills. That's when he had the idea for formalizing individual collections. We made personal books for everyone to keep his own stories in to read from and show off. That simple stroke amounted to taking standard school 18-by-12-inch sheets of colored paper and folding five or six together into an empty stapled book of 10 or 12 pages. We had kids paint their names on the front in flamboyant patterns with poster paint and glue the typed stories inside as we handed them back. That put a personal collection in their own hands. They were immensely interested in being able to read their own stories and in having friends read them. We developed a slogan out of that: YOU GOTTA BE ABLE TO SPELL AND READ ANY WORD YOU CAN SAY. That made sense to them. They worked on it. Some took their books home to show parents. Visitors to the class had plenty of reading to do. Added to Can I Tell You A Story? the books were good-looking. Kids had them out a lot. We were able to improvise individual reading and spelling assignments from the books. It didn't slacken the requests to dictate stories (although it started some abler kids writing stories) but it meant that we didn't have to get a class reader in print before kids could read the stories.

After almost a month of filling up those personal books with anything the kids dictated or wrote, the time was ripe to make class books. We collected the individual books, sat down one night and read through all the material,

divided the stories again into themes implicit in the random collection, and began typing dittos. We handed the dittos back for illustrations, recovered them, and ran everything off in 15 copies. That was a mound of paper. This time we wanted the kids to make the books.

One morning, ever so swiftly as the coats came off, we divided the class into five teams (one for each book), assigned them to tables and gave them a pile of mimeographed paper to work with. First collating, then stapling inside the 18-by-12 colored sheets, then painting covers, drying, and the Mystic Tape binding and Con-Tac cover (this time clear Con-Tac) over the hand-painted titles: A Book of Fables, A Book of Science Fiction, A Book About Strange Creatures, A Book of Faerie Tales, A Book About Trips. It was impossible to manage smoothly, like cooking your first big dinner, and there were minor disasters like painting the cover on the back or dripping paint on someone else's masterpiece. The kids who always freak out over their first mistake on any project freaked. The class artists produced dazzling covers and the bum artists loaded the wastepaper baskets and their spleens. It took all day from 9 to 3 and afterwards the classroom looked like a paper mill. But we had 15 copies (more or less) of each book and Class 410 felt like a publishing house. The fruits of our labor made us all feel sweet that day. We passed copies hot off our press to other classes. The principal came to see the collection with new respect for the desk-less room. Collectively we deliberated over the best stories in each book in various categories which pleased us, like the story which captured best the way people really talk, the scariest story, the best plot, the funniest, the most unexpected ending and so on. Then Class 410 concentrated on reading for a while. Groups were assigned to read a book a day. We devised comprehension tests, spelling tests on groovy words, speed-reading contests with stop-watches on particularly labyrinthine paragraphs. And Bill Currier and I took a breather before accepting any dictation for the next wave.

4. MAKING A BOOK ABOUT SPACE TRAVELS

....Do you know why they sent spaceships to Jupiter? Because the Earth was getting too full of people. There were no more apartments and they couldn't knock down old buildings because people wouldn't let them and there were too many people on Earth. People had to squeeze through crowds to get around and a lot of traffic was on the highways. Nobody could move because all the humans filled the houses and apartments too full and wouldn't leave them. Some people had to build their houses in back yards

because they were too big. Even the schools was full of children. They had to put children 50 in a class so crowded they was. They even had to let people live in the Empire State Building....

David Jiminez, from
"A Voyage to Jupiter"

Bill Currier decided to teach about the solar system. I'm not sure why exactly. I remember we had talked about making a curriculum which gave children a view of the whole earth, including the people. I had even fooled around with it by teaching some elemental earth geography as a beginning. The kids had liked learning the shapes and names of the continents, the difference between continents and islands and countries, the differences between rivers and oceans and seas and lakes, where some were located and what their names were. Currier and I talked about what the fundamental objects of perception might be for teaching children about the earth and in what sequence. I knew that my instruction about bodies of water and bodies of land was part of a vague sense of such a curriculum.

Well, Currier got hooked on the idea of teaching about the bodies in our solar system and their movements. I found out later that the subject had gripped him as a child. He still had super-fine books about the planets which he brought to class. He made some lesson plans and then for days he was over in the math corner with one group of kids or another teaching the solar system. They would come away muttering the names of the planets, or preparing for a spelling test on the names, or repeating to themselves the difference between rotating in an orbit and revolving on an axis. You could see they liked it. They were practically intoxicated by it. The facts taxed their imaginations as well as their memories. After all, it is truly unbelievable —those nine planets revolving on their axes, rotating in their orbits around the sun, the dead moons caught by gravity and rotating in their orbits around their planets— Saturn with 9 moons and rings—the sun out there giving us light and heat 93,000,000 miles away at the mean, and us sitting down here messing around in our classroom. Then there are those fabulous distances between the bodies and the immense times it takes them to make their rounds and the stories of how we got our calendar and the Chinese got theirs. The children not only absorbed the details but they saw the image Currier was teaching them. They believed in it. You would see them walking around concentrating on that complex swirling image in their minds of the solar system in action. You could ask one of the Chinese girls to draw how the Apollo space ships travel up and orbit the earth, then travel out and orbit the moon, and then return again, and she would diagram it exactly. We taught that from a diagram in the New York Times.

Then the compositions came. This is part of "What the Earth is Doing" which I got from Kevin Lee by asking him what the earth looks like:

At night I see the moon.
Sometimes I wake up at 6 and I see the sun come up.
Sometimes at night the moon is yellow.
Once I saw it is golden too.

Once you look up the sky you never believe the
earth is moving.
The earth turns around the sun.
That's called its orbit.
The sun shines on each part of the earth at
different hours.
When the earth is turning the heat comes from the
sun.
It turns around its axis too.
All planets rotate around their axis and the sun.

Some people like to grow up to be a scientist
To find out what the earth is doing.

Kevin Lee

That went into a book called The Earth Book which had compositions called "How The Earth Began", "The Kinds of People On Earth", "How Countries Get Started."

Some of the kids thought their way into time dimensions and it began to figure in their stories. John Morris wrote this in "The Martians Conquer The Universe":

Then I went back forward in time but I went too far forward so then I saw how the planets started..... when they were small little babies.....just little balls of fire and Saturn and Jupiter were in love. Pluto was in love with no one, he was just kissing every meteorite that came by. Neptune and Earth were brothers and they used to always fight who would get to lick the stars in the Milky Way because there was room for only one. And Mercury and Venus were sisters and they used to always fight. Mr. Sun was the father and he said that a million years from now they would never fight but he was wrong. Little Mars he was the only nice one around. So I went to my normal time and I found out something very strange—that planets never stay the same. And nobody never believed me except for my friend Bryan....

John Morris

Over in the math area Currier kept teaching away about the solar system, spinning off math lessons and art lessons and spelling lessons. By now there was a huge chart of the

solar system which Steve Feldman the local director of Teachers Incorporated brought in one day when he heard Currier was inspired. I began to ask everyone to think up a story about earthlings travelling out into the solar system. That produced a crop of wonderful stories full of space weaponry, visions of exodus from the planet earth, class warfare over tickets on space ships, earthquakes, moonquakes, space walks, and even a spoof on our teaching:

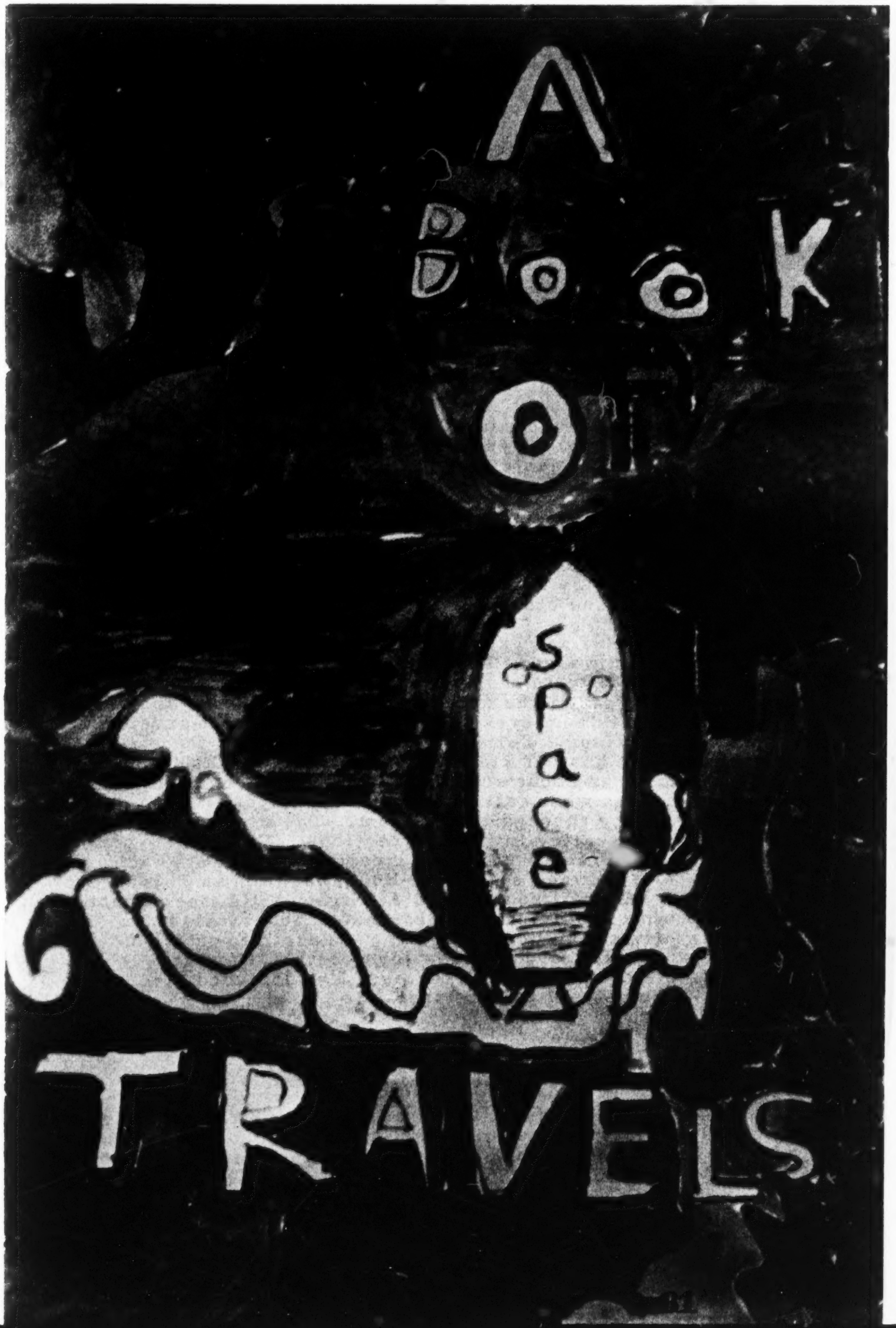
> ....He took a picture on the moon and went back to the earth. He got the picture for the school to get the teachers to tell the little kids to learn English...
>
> Eddy Young, from
> "We Go To The Moon"

After I typed the stories and the kids drew illustrations on the ditto sheets, we ran off 15 copies and collated the book.

This time I brought in some India Ink and pens for making the covers. Norma Brooks used it in her class and the color was far more beautiful than poster paints. I called four kids over to a table at a time to make one cover each. I was making one myself. If I had to help them at all it was to print the title in black ink. The kids thought up their own cover designs, although one particular design frequently caught hold and there would be many variations on it.

Making covers often turned out to be the best time for conversation. Four or five of us would sit down at the round table with pens and ink and work on our idea for the cover. We painted on white watercolor paper which was later glued on the colored paper the dittoed sheets were stapled in between. During the ink drawing we got something I think we all wanted—the time and stillness and privacy (no one interrupted when you were drawing or painting) to talk with each other. No hidden lessons in these conversations and no conclusions necessary, just talking about whatever was on our minds. I don't know why talk sustained itself under those conditions, or why everyone listened to each other for a change, or why it is so hard to get good conversation most of the time in classrooms, but painting covers was conducive to it and gave a satisfaction otherwise missing. The same thing happened in Class 507 so I know it was no accident.

Some of the India Ink covers were astoundingly good for The Book of Space Travel. Kam Lui, who never did tell a story for that book, did two covers which make your hair stand on end. Sumptuous colors nobody else could get from the ink, a sense of interspacial dimensions and a sense of moving planetary objects in his drawing. He not only grasped space, he could evoke it in art. Everyone honored his masterpieces, just as the class honored the masterpiece


A
BOOK
space
TRAVELS

space travel story, "Voyage to Jupiter" by David Jiminez.

In this case a science lesson became the inspiration for a set of stories and a class reader. They were fiction, and carefree, but the details of the lesson had ignited the imagination of the kids and informed the stories. In the end the fiction made the facts of the solar system much clearer to the whole class.

5. THE BOOK OF DREAMS

Toward the end of the year after we had discovered that a theme could spread through the imaginations of a class like a wildfire, Bill Currier decided to make a book on dreams. I think he envied my production, A Book Of Space Travels, having inspired the stories himself and having watched me complete it. He set his dreams book up nicely. He talked about dreams in some small groups, told one of his own, got several outgoing kids to tell theirs, and then he began to take offerings down in writing. The "set" is important. Influences at the stage of interior composition are more powerful than you might think. What you do is get the sure-fire authors like John Morris or Jonathan Ling to inspire the others to wider efforts.

After Currier introduced the subject, he and I copied down any dream we were told for a couple weeks. Then we typed them on dittos and followed our regular production procedures. Not all the dreams were pure. Some were fiction improvised from dream traces. Some were marvelously exact recollections. Some of the best are about the class itself. I don't know if kids really dream that much about their teachers or about school or if they just love making up those dreams when talking to a teacher because they can reveal absurdity through the medium. The dreams were wonderfully revealing in many directions: Nana Chu's paranoia dreams, Bryan's violence dreams, Lamont's levitation dream, Yu Kwong's back-to-Hong-Kong dream. Jonathan Ling's "A Day Dream I Had At Night" tells more about Class 410 than the principal's bi-annual observations or the notes of visiting psychologists. Kenneth Koch found that dreams make good sources for poetry. They are equally fertile sources for stories. I've included most of the class book in the collection at the back.

6. THE CHINESE IDIOM

There was one boy in Class 507 fresh from Hong Kong, Lee Chak Cheong. He could speak no English. I had been able to get him to dictate a story in Chinese to an English-speaking Chinese girl who, working simultaneously with

me, wrote the dictation in Chinese script and dictated an English version to me word by word. It was a kind of tale called "The Boy Who Was Greedy and Hippy." That convinced me we could excavate old-country tales, so we asked all the kids in class, Chinese and Puerto Rican, to get an old tale from parents or grandparents. Norma Brooks made it a homework assignment. They could use the tape recorder (which we had by this time) or get the story written in Chinese or Spanish or remember it in their heads in Chinese or Spanish.

Kenneth Lee, the most scholarly and least popular kid in Class 507, was the only one who took home the tape recorder. He got a story on tape from his grandmother. Fu Ching Huang was the only one who got a story by memory. Everyone else got their parents or older brothers or sisters to write down the story in Chinese and also the English translation. We got a pile of tales. Caught up with all those manuscripts which had to be typed and recopied in Chinese script on ditto sheets, I think I would have forgotten Kenneth's recording if he had not had it on his mind for several weeks. Fu Ching kept telling me he had a tale to dictate, but I was stuck on those existing manuscripts and kept forgetting. Finally Kenneth took his story to the bilingual teacher at PS 42 and got the translation done on his own. None of the other students could understand enough of the Chinese in the recording to translate. The story turned out to be "The Bronze Horse of the Hong Kong Botanical Garden" and it is beautiful. It's in the chapter of Chinese stories, and so is Fu Ching's discovery.

Fu Ching sat me down one day and dictated his tale to me. He had dictated several other stories and I knew that he paid unusually close attention to words and sense. His stories were brief and fine, revealing much in elegant simplicity. I think he tuned in on the pure folk tradition because it usually takes ages for tales to be honed so finely. This tale was from his grandmother. Through sheer power of concentration and memory he had listened to her tale, mulled it over in his mind in English and dictated "Winter Bamboo" with the flavor of old art (Fu Ching is eleven):

> Long ago in China there was a very faithful boy who did whatever his mother told him to do. One day his mother got very sick, so he helped his mother to cook and buy things. In winter time one day his mother wanted to eat bamboo, so the boy went all around the village to find bamboo, but he couldn't find any. While going home he sat by a tree and started to cry. A god heard him crying and that moved his heart. So every tear drop the boy dropped onto the ground the god turned into bamboo. That's why they call it winter bamboo.

The Chinese tales in translation were collected into a

bi-lingual class reader with India Ink-covers. Once the assignment was explicit the tales had been easy to get. As it turned out inter-linear translation places too much strain on the vocabulary and patience of most 5th graders. The kids moved naturally to their parents or older brothers and sisters for English translations. Connecting Chinese and English and connecting the family and school generated considerable enthusiasm. The Chinese students studied the text and the Puerto Rican and Black kids liked the stories in English. For them it was like looking behind a veil and seeing at least a glimpse of the Chinese culture. The boy who knew no English used the bi-lingual reader to teach himself.

I had also hoped to collect stories about Puerto Rico and even about leaving the American South, but the Chinese effort absorbed all the time available for the project. It was a serious loss.

The Chinese language was not the only source of Chinese stories. There is an oriental sensibility which comes through in the English of the Chinese children. It is there in their constructions and imagery. A teacher has the task of ironing out the grammar while cultivating the imagery. In Class 410 Currier and I decided to write down the raw grammar first, before any instruction, so that we could keep the imagery unadulterated. "Americans Fight Another Land" and "Little Tiny Pinny" are deeply oriental conceptions. Many of the English constructions are literal translations of Chinese grammar:

LITTLE TINY PINNY

Once upon a time there was a forest of many animals. One animal was named Tom. He was sad because he had no friends. All the animals don't like him and Tom went for a little walk. He bumped into a little rock and fall down in the pool and he was very wet. He has to go to his house to clean up his clothes.

And a girl bear was named Little Tiny Pinny. She was walking by to Tom's house and Little Tiny Pinny fell on Tom's shoe, and Little Tiny Pinny said, "You big dumbell. Why don't you take your shoe and get out of my way." And Tom said, "Why don't you get out of my house too." And they two were fighting. When they two were fighting they bump together and they said, "I am sorry." "Do not talk like that," said Little Tiny Pinny.

Then Tom went with Little Tiny Pinny to the forest to talk about the forest. Then Little Tiny Pinny

said, "This forest is so pretty I wish I was living here so I can play here and look at the moon." And Tom said, "I wish I lived here too." All the animals came and said, "Why are you standing here?" And Tom said, "So I like to see the moon!" But the animals do not let him look at the moon. But Tom was sad because nobody let them go out and play. When his father came he saw him and yelled at him and said, "What are you standing here on this night?" "Well, you go to sleep," said the father. Tom said, "No, I don't want to!" "I like to stay here and look at the moon." "Why?" said his father. "Because I like the moon," said Tom. Then his father said, "When you see the moon you should already be asleep." Then Tom said, "O.K." When the next day Little Tiny Pinny woke up and tell her mother to buy a little present for Tom. Then his mother said, "You have no money to buy a present. Why don't you pick some flowers?" Then Tom woke up too and went to look at the sun. Then they two bump again. Then they two said, "Good morning." When they two look at each other they like to be friends. Then they play together in the little forest. They were happy. Then they two were married. Then they were happy ever after.

Lai Ko

Working on pronunciation with the Chinese students in no way disturbed the imagery of the stories or the relaxation with which they were dictated. When we moved to grammar we instructed only from specific examples collected from actual dictations. After we finished subject-verb agreement and plurals we worked on simple tenses. By the end of the year we were working on sentence structure, rhythms and complexity. There was very little if any confusion between spontaneous dictation and grammatical instruction. By moving slowly and concretely we were able to cultivate the imagery of the stories while replacing Chinese grammar with English grammar.

7. THE BLACK IDIOM

Native tradition is inseparable from the creative powers of a child's mind. For Black children the native tradition is a sensibility and a dialect cultivated for decades in the crucibles of slavery, plantations, subsistence farming, poverty, political repression and now the ghettos of Newark or Watts or wherever. Black children grow up in America with a cultural insight and wit unique in its toughness.

Lamont Sargent

We wanted the Black children's wit and insight and dialect in the class readers and on the tapes. We wanted it because it is familiar and real and the right substance for literature and reading and writing. We knew we had to start by getting it orally and feeding it back in print before we would ever get it in writing. Our slogan would be "YOU GOTTA BE ABLE TO READ AND WRITE WHAT YOU CAN SAY." But first we had to get what they actually say.

Probably the biggest public event of 1971 for New York City school children was the Ali-Frazier fight. It even captured the imaginations of the Chinese kids who didn't know how to talk about it much. Well, the most brittle boy in class, who so hated failing that he didn't try any more in school because he had failed so often, was betting on Frazier. He loved the pageant and language swirling around the fight and used it in his bets with kids and teachers in Class 410. Bill Currier was quick enough to get one of Lamont's enthusiastic raps on the fight down in writing and also Bryan Chaplin's reply. The compositions became class favorites, titled "The Fight of the Century" and "They're Both Gonna Lose."

> Joe Frazier gonna hurt Muhammed Ali. Joe Frazier gonna come out with the bell. He gonna give Ali a left to the jaw and a right to the head and then he gonna pour some water on him.... Joe Frazier says he is gonna be up his nostrils. Muhammed Ali says he's gonna beat him, Vitalis can't even help.... Joe Frazier's hands gonna be moven so fast he probably wait for a while until he knocks Muhammed Ali out....
>
> Lamont Sargent

Bryan had a more metaphysical position on the fight.

> ....You know what I think? I think they're both gonna lose because they so strong they might knock each other out. I think Muhammed Ali is gonna knock Joe Frazier out.... He is gonna knock Joe Frazier in the stomach and punch him in the head and Joe Frazier is gonna be startin to bleed. Muhammed Ali is gonna let Joe Frazier knock him down and then at the last round Muhammed Ali is gonna have smoke coming out his ears and fire coming out his nose and lightning coming out his eyes. Muhammed Ali is gonna knock Joe Frazier to the moon and make sure the moon goes all the way to heaven and Muhammed Ali is gonna win the fight. Joe Frazier is gonna see Pluto and the planets and stars in his head and little birdies in his head whistling away....
>
> Bryan Chaplin

I should add that the Black boys were capable of straight talk, like Bryan's excellent composition on the salmon life cycle. Black children are obviously as capable of standard English reading and writing as any other children. But there is a sensibility and a dialect which goes along with the Black experience that need not be corrected or set aside. There is brilliance in it. And once we got some of that dialect in print it was irrepressible in Class 410. The Chinese boys began to pick it up, especially Eddy Young, which melted some of the ice between the races and considerably improved Chinese facility with American English.

Anthony Lang, the new boy in class, told a string of delightful stories deep in the vernacular: "The Gerbils and Our Show Rabbit", "How the Earth Began For Real", "How the Chinese People Got Their Name", and an incredible story called "The Spitting Boy". The story was about his brother Angelo and had this astounding scene tucked away in an exciting plot:

> ....My mother bought six meat loafs, ten hamburgers, and twenty sodas. Then before they ate they went into the living room and played some records. Then my little brother came and he drunk all the sodas and ate all the meat loafs and everything. Then they came into the kitchen and saw he was eating the last hamburger and drinking the last soda. Then my brother he was so full they chased him all the way to Manhattan and he bust open the door with his belly and bonked them all against the wall. He bounced them like a rubber ball. He made every last one of them bounce like a rubber ball. Then my mother she took him and flipped him over her back and she stepped on his belly and all that food came spitting out on all my family faces except my grandmother and my mother. Then he was real skinny like a pencil stick....
>
> Anthony Lang

John Morris was something else. He was the master story-teller. He produced a collection of stories with wonderful qualities. There was no way to know what he would create in advance. Moody, introspective, slow, uncooperative...he never told more than one story a week and he didn't really do much else in class all year long. But each of his stories had ease and polish. Everyone wanted to hear them as soon as they were finished. Once they were printed and put on tape many of the kids read and listened to them over and over. His ideas appeared in their compositions. Adults took delight in his conceptions. By the year's end he had the makings of a volume of his own and we put it together as a class book under the title, The John Morris Book of Stories. John proved that one child can generate a body of work if an environment specifically geared to his creativity is sustained. It is terribly important for any child to end a school year with this feeling of accomplishment. John did.

John proved something else. He is below grade level in reading, although not as much as Lamont and Bryan. The Metropolitan Achievement Tests are right in a way, for he doesn't much like to read and write at this point in his life. Both reading and writing are laborious for him and he becomes bitter if pushed. Yet his mind is absorbing vocabulary and ideas and facts better than the minds of almost all the other kids, including those with high reading scores, and most of the adults in the school. Some of that comes from watching television but the richest part is from observation and conversation. John just hangs around and listens and watches, his mind absorbing and ordering by some mysterious power of its own. John already has the higher mental qualities of concentration, intuition, imagination, unity of thought, and humor honed to a fine edge. So John proves how little the reading tests prove and what sources of individual creativity may lie behind the facades of academic achievement. He scored low third grade on the M.A.T. in reading and word comprehension. Does that test measure the skills behind a story like "The Horrible, Disgusting, One-Eyed Purple Monster" ? —which ends like this:

> ....Everything blew. The smoke was all around. Everyone was coughing smoke watching this thing. The smoke cleared up and half of the island was still there. So was the monster, torn in half, bleeding. And his big eye fell into the Pacific Ocean. One of his long bleeding arms fell into the Atlantic and the other into the Indian Ocean. Me and Bryan watched. We stayed there for an hour and then all of a sudden...BLOOOOOOOOOOP, the island sunk. Me and Bryan went home and were watching our dancing girls. We got medals and we were laying down watching Felix The Cat and Maguilla Gorilla. The whole world was at our mercy, kissing our feet. So ends this monster

story about a monster that was once really alive and almost destroyed the world. And we went home and that is the end.

John Morris

John was good with plot but his beginnings and endings were fine art. In his stories there were always stupendous events: the drying up of the Pacific Ocean, epic battles with lunar monsters and shortages of oxygen, mechanical problems with interspacial communications, the letters of the alphabet turned into monsters in a dream, passing back and forth through epochs of time. In his stories these scenes sneaked up on you, providing the maximum delight, because the stories started quickly and matter-of-factly. He told them in a way that made it easy to catch the setting and mood. He had the facility of making the extraordinary conception seem commonplace, whether it was being space-wrecked on the moon or after a war when the Martians conquered our earth or inside a glarey moment in a dream. You got swept right into John's stories.

Unlike John Morris Bryan Chaplin is ill at ease in a white world. Where John tolerates school Bryan hates it. He just doesn't fit school. He hates the Chinese insults to Blacks and the institutionalized arrogance of teachers and administrators. He is spontaneously outraged. He knows just what it is and refuses to submit to it. Caught in a similar situation John Morris lapses into introspective moods and Bryan openly defies. If bullied or insulted by another kid or gang of kids John goes off alone; he never provokes and never retaliates. Bryan is tough in a different way and he retaliates either with verbal confrontations— "your mother is a horse's ass" —or physical confrontations (chest to chest)—"call me that name again and I'll bust your ass." In the classroom Bryan is physically exuberant. He ranges the little room like a big cat in a zoo cage. He is most at ease arguing, wrestling, playing with his gumbies, or (as it later turned out) dictating a story or listening to stories in collective readings where he does not have to read or write over his head. Once at the end of a trip under the George Washington Bridge on the Hudson River he actually leapt into the air and yelled, "I feel free,...free at last, free at last...why do we have to go back to that fucking school?"

In class Bryan couldn't work in groups. He simply squirmed too much. If he started a writing assignment— which he began to try again after his success with stories —he didn't really write the letters on paper, he carved them. He had some kind of reversal problem and often wrote some letters backwards. He had no confidence in his writing. He couldn't spell beyond 3 or 4 letter words correctly which ruined his excitement because he used words like "suffocate" and "rhinocerous" when he talked. He

couldn't read worth a damn either. So he disliked writing and reading. He would try at propitious moments, but it was always hard labor and he generally failed.

I've already mentioned how Bryan was the first to tell a story. That is part of the enigma of Bryan Chaplin. He got himself involved with a white teacher who is a stranger. He loved language. He could conceptualize with the best (he was the most interested in the humanoid ape theory and knew precisely how the dinosaurs evolved and became extinct). He retained exact details from oral lessons, like the varieties of animals on the African savannah and the symbiotic relationships between certain species. He was warm and affectionate with others, the first to touch boys of another race and try to talk with them. His problems with printing, reading, spelling and writing exasperated Currier and me, but not nearly as much as they exasperated Bryan and had for several years now.

I had to admire Bryan's style, even when he was raising hell. But the central point is that his oral work alone with an adult was almost always of excellent quality. The entire class liked and respected his stories. When he completed

work—a finished dictation, his stories in print, a class reading of "King Kong Versus The Robot Monster"—any of those brought out his innate enthusiasm and depth. I doubt if he will make it in school or in American society for that matter. What he needs is prolonged tutoring under conditions in which his ego is not at stake. He probably will never get that in school, but he possesses style and sharpness in his own native tradition.

8. THE WRITERS

Class 507 was upper track and they could read and write. They thought of themselves as good students. They took pride in it, and so did their teacher. Almost from the beginning of the project several of the kids in Class 507 were bypassing oral dictation and handing in written compositions. These compositions lacked the ease of style and ethnic flavor of the oral work (even when it was by the same individuals) but some of it bordered on fine writing and it was what they preferred to do.

Take James Leong. He got extraordinary conceptions down in longhand. He wrote a story called "The Golden Book" about a man named Tom who spent his whole life until he died at 80 writing a book called the Bible:

> ....When Tom finished the story he only needed another fourth to finish the Bible. And he wrote about Adam and Eve. He wrote that they were naked around the fruit trees. And God comes and says, "I heard someone talk there. Come out, thee, come out." Then Adam says, "Thou, I'm Adam. Thou, I'm naked in the woods with my wife." God says, "Thee shall not eat fruit." Adam says, "Thou, I ate fruit. She gave me some." Thou said, "Thee may go." While God was making a grass skirt and another one, Thou says, "Thee are human."
>
> And while Tom was finishing the Bible he wrote a letter. And he started to his friend across the street. He saw his friend across the street. He went halfway and fell. His friend ran to get his new book. Tom was presently eighty years old and dead.
>
> PART FICTION, PART NONFICTION.
>
> James Leong

James' writing was stiff and lacked flow, though it was almost always imaginative. He was trying to learn school English and vocabulary. One result was that his grammar was formal and stumbling. He was learning a different medium from the language we talk.

Lai Yin also shied away from dictations but wrote many brief clear stories. He had an historical bent and wrote about a war between the Romans and Egyptians in 120 B.C. in which a warrior had the idea of building a great wall of Rome; then he wrote about a war between the Trojans and Greeks in which James invented the wooden horse. His work was clear and straightforward but lacked humor and somehow insight. Most of the stories were inspired by reading the encyclopedia and they were exercises in writing. Lai Yin was impressive as a student. His M.A.T. math score (and James') was 9th grade level and his reading score was 8th grade level. That didn't matter, for his writing, though clear and competent, was uninteresting and uninspired. He was so much the academic student that I couldn't interest him in dialect or natural dialogue or Chinese tales. I don't know what the key was to break him out of his caricature of the perfect student. He had been assimilated by school:

> ....When the wall was completed it was 12300 long. The Egyptians didn't have a chance of destroying the Romans with that wall that the Romans built, and that's how the Romans won the war with the Egyptians. It was all thanks to the wise warrior named James. After the war do you know what did the people of Rome name the wall they built? If you don't I'll tell you that they named the wall "The Great Wall of Rome." Next time if your teacher asks you who built the Great Wall you'll say, James.
>
> Lai Yin

Sally Low (who is a competent biologist at eleven) wasn't very interested in the idea of Chinese translations either. For her folk tale she brought back a poem from Chinese school. She didn't like dictating, or at least she didn't prefer it, although she did dictate "The Mountain Lion" for Can I Tell You A Story? Yet she was a prolific story writer. Among others, she handed me neatly written on lined paper "The Unicorn", The Golden Horse", "The Cat From the Magic Box", "The Dragon in China", "The Devil From Hell", "The Short Tail-Lion", "The Tame Opossum", "The Elephant Call Peanut", "The Eight Headed Dragon", and "Simba and the Sweet Perfume."

Sally was in my working group of 6. She was a direct, factual, solid student. She laughed easily, was interested by ideas and plots, and she remembered. She was independent and worked hard alone on assignments. I pictured her at home in the evening completing homework from school when many of the other kids I was working with would be running the sidewalks or watching T.V. I never pushed Sally for oral compositions based on any of my ideas, and I wish I had. Her writing was admired for its clarity and read in Class 507 but it clearly lacked zest and imagination. It was like Lai Yin's, which is to say that it did not belong to any tradition of lang-

uage or imagery or insight unless that tradition was school. Here is an excerpt from "The Short-Tail Lion":

> In the wild forest in Africa there was a pride of lions hunting for a new home. Soon they came to a warm cave and thought it was a nice home. When a year past the lionness was going to have babies. Then a month pass and the babies came out. They were small and look like their mother. When their eyes were open they saw each other and they could see their mother. Soon they saw their father too. When they were four or five months their mother went to get solid food for them. They will soon be eating solid food in four months. One day the smallest one saw a animal and didn't knew what it was. It was yellow with dots on him and have a tail like his. The baby cub was scare and ran, but before he ran the animal bit his tail and the cub's tail came off....
>
> Sally Low

The skills of reading and spelling and writing set these three apart from the work of Class 410. Yet there was some other difference in their compositions. They were becoming or had become oriented away from ethnic and oral traditions and into scholastic rules for composition and scholastic types of books. This was reflected in their vocabulary and sentences and in their choices of subjects and ideas. Even in writing about their own experiences on trips they were striving for a kind of academic excellence which they had internalized. I hate to say it, because it is presumptuous, but I believe they were cut off from their roots, which is often the result of schooling if not the express goal. They were working in a different medium from native imagery. And they lacked ease and wit to accompany their newfound competence in writing and reading.

What James and Lai Yin and Sally needed was a course of work in creative writing, including reading fine Chinese and English written literature. And they needed craft work on style—not grammar and sentences and paragraphs and topical outlines—until their own writing began to flow. This project didn't help them much, mostly because I was working in other directions and didn't see clearly what was happening with them until it was over.

Others in Class 507 were not so devoted to writing or to academic excellence. Mae Wong dictated several stories as natural as her talk. And Fou Ching Huang and Kenneth Lee, although they wrote competently for assignments, explored their own minds and ethnic heritages for oral dictations. Mae composed a Leaving China story, an account of a political meeting, and a love story called "Suzie Lum" about an oriental woman who married an American and ruined her

life. Fou Ching dictated "Bigmouth and Nick's Fish" in the original round and Kenneth "The Monsters." They tried out all my dictating ideas and some of their own. Some of the pieces are in the collection at the back. But I have no formula for steering James and Lai Yin and Sally back to their roots to make their writing richer, nor for bringing Bryan and Ruthie and Eddy Young up to their level of competence in skills. There are clearly good reasons to avoid cutting children off from either.

9. SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATIONS, AND MAN: A COURSE OF STUDY

Oral composition is by no means limited to fiction. It is a good medium for exercising the power of systematic observations which is the base of science. Adult scientists often work this way taking field notes with tape recorders. Class 410 and Class 507 were both studying a packaged curriculum in social studies composed by Jerome Bruner called Man: A Course of Study. It's a distinguished curriculum. Films, simulation games, readers, experiments and field trips lead students through a year-long inductive study of the evolution of the characteristics which make man human. One of the reasons I wanted to try to teach the curriculum myself was because I didn't learn any of those things until I got to college and found them difficult then. I wanted to see how 4th and 5th graders responded. I found that the curriculum works. Kids absorb the details and concepts when the method of instruction enables them to get into it. But I also found that the course readers are frequently loaded with jargon and become uninteresting to children.

Somewhere I have read that kids are natural scientists, which I take to mean that their minds move systematically to follow observable phenomena they are interested in. In MACOS the phenomena are programmed: salmon and mosquito life cycles, survival behavior of various animals, learned and innate behavior of herring gulls, the symbiosis of herbivores and the hunting habits of the carnivores on the African savannah, the society of baboon troops, and the survival society of the Arctic Netsilik Eskimos. The oral compositions we got about salmon and mosquito life cycles or about baboon troop behavior were factual, in plain English, and elegantly clear. A considerable improvement over the MACOS readers. Here is a dictated composition by James Leong. Bryan Chaplin's is in the collection at the back with others.

THE SALMON LIFETIME AND LIFE CYCLE

When the salmon are about five years old an urge comes to them to make them go up the waterfalls back to their homestream to mate. The salmon knows his homestream by the sense of smell. He smells the water and the place.

The salmon have strong fins and fly and jump up the waterfalls. The female digs a hole about a foot deep with her tail and lays her eggs. She makes three holes. She lays about 2,000 eggs in each hole. While the female is doing this she gets exhausted and turns white and whiter. The male fertilizes the eggs and while he is doing this he gets white too. When they finish the males fights other males and after a few days they die. The waves push the couple down the falls and they all die.

After winter goes by the eggs start to hatch. Only about two survive. When they all hatch they will stay there in the homestream about a year and then start their journey down the falls to the ocean. While they are on their journey they might be caught by predators and the journey might be ended. But maybe there are more salmon still alive and on their journey.

In the ocean they live way out in the water. They don't have houses. I think they eat other fish. After five or six years the salmon gets almost the same urge as their parents before that makes them go up the falls.

James Leong

Here is a group composition by 10 kids in Class 410 after the unit on baboons:

Baboons live near the waterhole because they need water to drink or they die. Also, they go to trees to eat, sleep, and hide from meat-eaters. Baboons live near impalas because impalas have good smell and baboons don't. Baboons have good eyesight. Baboons and impalas hunt for food together, like grass roots or tree roots or water. Baboons are herbivores. They live in a troop of males, females and babies. There are about 40 baboons in a troop. Lions and cheetahs like to eat baboons. They escape by climbing trees. They eat sap from trees too. The baboons bark like a dog when there is danger.

(cont'd)

Janet says she saw a baboon in the Movie and the nose looked just like a thumb. The female baboon has a long nose. Baboons have some sharp teeth and some flat teeth. Their four feet look like hands. They are brown and covered with fur. Some of them have dirty fur because the elephant blew dust at them. Little baby baboons drink milk from the mother. The male baboons don't have any milk for the baby. The baby is born alive from the mother baboon. The baby baboon looks like a human baby but it's all furry. It has big ears like someone I know, says John. The baby has skinny arms.

All baboons have fleas. One baboon picks the fleas from the other and eats them.

Another time I would like to remake the entire MACOS readers with the kids' compositions. Then other kids and maybe adults would understand the material better and enjoy it more.

Observations weren't limited to MACOS animals. The gerbils and hermit crab in Class 410 were objects of careful observation and composition (as well as drawing from life). The guinea pigs in Class 507 had a whole book composed about them. Both classes composed some lovely observations of animals at the zoo. Another departure in exposition grew out of the whole earth curriculum plan. Near the end of the year I tried to put together a book of compositions based on the curriculum that Currier and I had tried teaching. I went around asking leading questions like, who lives on the earth? where did men come from? what does the earth look like? Kevin Lee in "What The Earth is Doing" rose magnificently to the occasion with combinations of factual observation of the earth composed in near-poetry. Other kids did as well. The combination of native imagery and good English had matured, and not only in fiction.

....There wasn't life right away. There was just molten lava and erupting volcanoes. There wasn't one drop of rain. I found these things out because I've been studying a book. After a couple of centuries of spinning around on its axis it started to cool off. Then there was only a little rain. The first life formed was a little particle animal made out of a whole lot of different kinds of cells from little particles of seaweeds. Sooner on the organs broke up. After years they made kinda funny-looking animals and plants. Some sea animals looked like a coil and when prehistoric sea creatures landed on it they grabbed them. Some of the fish animals started to develop legs and after a while some of them were able to walk on land but live in the water. Some of the sea creatures got permanent

legs and couldn't live in the sea. Then there were two different kinds.

....It kept on going and cave men came and kept on going and going until it finally came up to us. Usually in Asia and Europe they found most of the humanoid bones. Most of them you find in museums now, like the Museum of Natural History. If you need any more information you should take a visit to the Museum of Natural History.

John Morris, from
"How The Earth Began"

10. TRIPS AND OTHER EXPERIENCES AS STORIES

Both classes took plenty of trips: the Bronx Zoo, the George Washington Bridge, Camp Madison Felicia, Staten Island Wildlife Preserve, the East River Docks. Trips have a linear structure and serial drama which are more readily comprehensible to most kids than the school day in a classroom or life in their community. Like dreams they have a special emotional tone. There are bum trips, dangerous trips, happy trips, long ones, short ones. The trick is in breaking through literal accounts to bring out the sense of drama and humor and sharp observations with which kids can transform experience.

I bought a 12-by-16 ring-leaf watercolor book and called kids in Class 410 over one or a few at a time to dictate a scene from a recent trip to the Bronx Zoo: the big cat house, the monkey house, the House of Darkness, the giraffe cage, and so on. I copied their compositions directly into the book in large print with a magic marker, leaving large spaces for photos from the trip and life sketches some of the kids made of the animals and short poetic observations of animals which I got by dictation later. By now the kids knew how to flavor compositions in ways which would delight the class when they were read out loud, and how to play with language and images. The Bronx Zoo book got lots of mileage as a class reader and it showed everyone how to make trips into stories:

.... We went to the monkey house. All around was monkeys...big monkeys, little monkeys, medium monkeys, ugly monkeys, handsome monkeys, strong monkeys, fat-tailed monkeys, sissy monkeys, monkeys with chicken pox, one with a red nose and green mouth named Mandrill. I went monkey from seeing so many monkeys, The monkeys had big fat and small faces. There were all types of monkeys ...baboons, mandrills, chimpanzees...all you can

name except for man. The funniest part about it was the Mandrill's face. It looked like plastic. The cage was behind glass. Some faces were fierce and some were funny and some were scared. There were no gorillas there. When I went out I felt sorry for those animals. Why don't they put men in the Zoo? Except for Class 410 which is a zoo all by itself!...

John Morris and Bryan Chaplin
from "Eighteen Stops
To The Bronx Zoo"

THE GIRAFFE

He looked scared of me.
Big, big long neck and pretty.
He likes to eat cookies.
They could hide in a door.
They do not scare and they like people.
Spots on his whole body.
Color is yellow and brown.
Long legs, short ears, and short tail.
Four legs.
Hoofs.
Live in a cage and have a family.
I like it, it's cute!

Lai Ko, also from
"Eighteen Stops to The Bronx
Zoo"

A number of kids dictated accounts of trips, some strictly factual, some with flights of fantasy. In one case Kam Lui began dictating and Jonathan Ling joined him as a counterpoint, like two instruments playing off each other in jazz. They invented an amazing plot. As Kam dictated the chronology of the class on the trip to the George Washington Bridge Jonathan Ling wove in an imagined account of what was happening to Eddy Young (the boy who could never go on trips with us) back at home:

It was Wednesday June 8th. Everyone brought their lunches for a trip except Mr. Landrum who was a cheap one. Everyone came except for Eddy whose mommy was too cheap to buy him a lunch. Eddy cried, ahhhhhhhhh, mommy, why can't I go? Then he said, I've got a cheap mother!

We were all walking down a street and we got to a subway. Eddy was saying, they'll be hunting shrimp. His mother says, you're so ugly you'd scare them away. Eddy says, why can't I go on the train like

ordinary people? His mother says, you'd get too hot. Your pants will stick there so you can't get up and you'd be there all night.

When we got off one train and went to another one we saw lots of people. Then we were going again. Eddy is home saying, they may be changing trains now. I want to change mothers....

Unperturbable Eddy, who was listening in on the dictation, guffawed.

PS 42 is a mess of a school in a variety of ways. The physical plant has not been improved for decades. It's no accident that a school in a poor community has not been a priority in the construction budgets of the Board of Education. After the election of the new district school boards under the city decentralization plan, teachers and parents from PS 42 began to lobby at local school board meetings for a fair cut of the district construction budget for repairs. Norma Brooks, among other teachers, organized her students in an effort to get their parents to attend a local meeting of the school board and to bring the kids along. She got a big turnout. The next day, thinking politics might be as good a source as any, I got several accounts for a class reader called Political Situations:

....Then we hold up our signs. They say, PARENTS WE NEED YOU and PS 42 IS OVER-CROWDED. Then Miss Steinberg came up with a map. She said that there are a lot of children at PS 42 who live near PS 2. They should go to PS 2. PS 42 is overcrowded. Everyone shouted and clapped their hands very hard. Somebody said, that's right! The school board just sat and stared. They didn't say nothing. They drink water until the bottle was empty.... Then they had a vote and everybody voted to fix the school up except the priest. The priest was a big dumbell, just sitting there like he was reading the Bible....

Mae Wong

The Leaving China book, the Political Situations book, parts of A Book About Trips, and the Camp Madison Felicia book were all composed from actual experience. Influenced by the fictional and ethnic compositions, they were inventive, full of shrewd observations, and often hilarious.

11. THE TAPE LIBRARY

In March we got $200 from Teachers Inc. to buy the equipment for the tape library. The two Norelco cassette recorders cot $50 each. I found a jack for connecting headphones to the recorder at Sonocraft Corporation (29 East 36th Street) and bought that and eight headphones for each class for about $60 a set. The plan was to have a collection of taped readings of the stories matching the class readers so kids could listen and read at the same time (or just listen) absorbing vocabulary and English constructions while they enjoyed the stories. Each classroom had an area for the project and that was where the tape library was to be kept.

In Class 410 that area was in the right-hand back corner from the door. A lot of splendid and memorable things happened in that corner. It was marked off by a cardboard carpentry bookcase-room divider. Currier, Brooks and I had made it with our own hands at the local Creative Teaching Workshops of Education Development Center. There were benches with cushions against the divider where you could lie as well as sit and where little clusters of boys and girls and friends and enemies and Chinese and Puerto Ricans maneuvered for select group spaces. Up on the wall was my world map, the first step in my dreamed-of whole earth curriculum. Bryan Chaplin's Chiller Series of paintings from midnight horror movies on television was above the world map. I hung Eddy Young's drawing (from behind) of a Viking charging off on his horse with upraised spear in hand. It was an exquisite pencil drawing I was very fond of and I wanted to encourage drawings to go along with stories. The class readers were piled on a shelf in there, and now the tape recorder and the earphones. There was always and everywhere assorted cuisinaire rods, paper cuttings and chalk dust.

It was intimate, this corner, and we worked there in

little groups knee to knee and eyeball to eyeball. What I liked so much about the area was that it was contained. Either a group functioned there or you could see why it didn't and correct the situation. That's where I first walloped a kid in front of the whole class. It's a story worth telling because it illustrates one of the ingredients of order in an open classroom, and we needed order to make the project work. Lots of teachers initially confuse openness with permissiveness, and confuse inductive learning with children's random impulses. The confusion creates chaos.

David Jiminez was up on his knees on a bench with his back to the group ignoring a drill while he reached over the divider to mess around with something. This was right at the beginning when I was having troubles with concentration if I worked with more than one kid at a time. I gave him a solid smack on his behind. Once he realized what had happened (several kids clapped), which took about 15 seconds after he turned around, he took off like a Fourth of July rocket. It was an unconvincing imitation of freaking out on unjust violence by a teacher so I ordered him back to the group. My heart was beating a little faster than usual. Knowing full well that teachers aren't allowed to hit kids, and that as a part-timer I lacked ultimate authority, he feigned getting his coat and hat to go home. Currier, who had been watching from over in his drill corner, told David to put them back and get back to work. Everybody, including Currier, was wondering how it was going to turn out. No one had been hit in Class 410 before that. David sensed the isolation of his position and came back. Everyone else enjoyed the incident. They seemed satisfied that David had got his comeuppance after months of shit and also satisfied that I meant business in that corner. I was satisfied that they realized a boundary and my little corner generally functioned after that.

But my central memory of that back corner is of groups of kids hooked up to earphones listening to the tapes of the stories. How they loved listening through those earphones! They lost themselves in inner space, like their older brothers and sisters who walked the summer streets with transis-

tor radios glued to their ears. They would sit or sprawl, silent, grooving on those stories, concentrating inwardly on words and meanings. And no teacher! The only sounds at those times were the varieties of laughter—group chuckles, uproarious belly laughs, beatific smiles—while the rest of us could work undisturbed.

The tapes had lots of possibilities. We never got far with them. Scheduling was difficult and the Class 410 recorder was stolen almost immediately. Currier and I had recorded Can I Tell You A Story? complete with vocal sound effects. It was immensely popular, especially "King Kong Versus The Robot Monster." John Morris and Anthony Lang had just discovered how to record their stories directly, which came off a lot better than reading stories onto the tapes. Norma Brooks and I stayed after school one day with a group of kids and made the same recording of Can I Tell You A Story? with assigned parts in the dialogues and simulated sound effects. Making the recording was great fun and that recording was also popular in Class 507. The class preferred the teacher's voices to their own, probably because we could read more smoothly.

We had intentions of recording pronunciation and grammar drills, completing tapes to accompany all the readers, collecting stories from families and local characters, and even recording the MACOS readers. We never got very much of it done. There just wasn't enough time after dictations and making the class books. I have no doubts now that those plans would work. Kenneth Lee's recording of his grandmother telling "The Bronze Horse in the Hong Kong Botanical Gardens" shows that kids can use the recorders for collecting. And the responses to the Can I Tell You A Story? tapes shows that although children are not likely to teach themselves reading by tapes without the tightest supervision and systematic training, a tape library can amplify the interest in language and literature.

12. HOW IT ALL ENDED

What began slowly and with caution ended in an expansive rush. This was, happily, as true of many of the individual children as well as the overall project. In Class 507 Norma Brooks in the last week was completing a book about the week most of her class spent at an upstate camp. I was working with my group to finish binding Chinese Stories. The work of months was collected and bound in other sets of books: The Guinea Pig Book, The Bronx Zoo Book, The Christmas Book, Can I Tell You A Story? Leaving China, Love Stories, Sport Stories, Fiction, Science Fiction; and I still had a fistfull of new manuscripts. There was a lot of end-of-the-year consternation, most deeply felt about losing

both Miss Brooks and their open classroom, but I also heard kids mumbling about bequeathing the tapes and books to some other class. It seemed a healthy possessiveness.

In Class 410 Bill Currier finished his Book of Dreams the next to the last week. I was rushing to complete The Earth Book and a special edition of The John Morris Book of Stories. Besides that we had given out Polaroid cameras during the last couple weeks with some photo-taking assignments (your mother cooking, the family at dinner, where you live, a friend, etc.). Everyone was gluing in photos, writing or dictating compositions for each photograph, and making India Ink covers. The last weeks in New York City public schools are administrative chaos posing as administrative order. The loudspeakers bellow bookkeeping instructions to teachers. Assistant Principals rush around demanding paperwork on grades and class registers for next year and to patrol the growing disorders in the halls. Rooms are stripped bare of normal decor. All the adults grow tense and strident. It is all geared, as far as I can tell, to the completion of the work of the faculty and administration as close as possible to the moment the kids leave. I suspect it is related to the fact that they are all aliens in the community and the schools feel like government offices, as well as the end of a long hard year of work. At any rate, all this becomes grotesquely mixed with trying to give a class of children a sense of completion to a year of intellectual growth and a year of spending 6 hours a day living together. If we managed to give a sense of completion to many of the kids in Class 410 it had partly to do with the momentum of the stories and books, and the prospect that Bill Currier expects to take most of the kids into the 5th grade this coming year (unless his job is lost in the city budget cuts).

I am glad the project made so many people feel good, myself included. Many skeptics up and down the halls had come around. If the work in the project is time consuming (teachers question whether they can take dictations and make books alone) it is also eminently simple and effective. Almost all teachers desire to reach the creativity in their children and they certainly see the advantages of a happier Bryan Chaplin. The class readers look impressive to educators (even if they quarrel with the grammar and dialect).

Enjoyment of literature, a sense of competency with language, relaxation in exploring one's own imagination openly—all these I can claim on behalf of almost everyone in the two classes. The abundance of talent was visible. We had uncovered ethnic heritages. Kids had become authors.

I can't claim a vast improvement in writing and reading skills by those who were far behind. Time was short for a reformation. Those who could already write wrote more but kids like Bryan and John stuck with oral compositions and the tape recorder as much as they could. Everyone did

do plenty of reading day in and day out, although I don't know the effect of that on the skills measured by the Metropolitan Achievement Tests. I doubt that it was much so soon. What is needed is years of sustained productive work with language in enjoyable contexts. We can claim to have learned a great deal about how to create those contexts.

There are still knotty matters to work on: a fuller reading and writing program with which to follow through on the individual problems revealed by the project; how to help the kids who did not break out of cliché story ideas and language, particularly girls; deeper probing of both ancient and community language heritages (particularly the Spanish).

Norma Brooks felt that her kids' compositions—the making of sentences, paragraphs, topical writing, vocabulary range—was much improved and that it was equally important for them to have learned the mechanics of making books and using a tape recorder. The class readers were the most used books in class. She is full of ideas for this coming year. All the equipment is waiting in her Room 507 closet. We quarreled over her emphasis on grammatical accuracy above idiom, on topics and facts above fiction and plot, on writing above work with oral traditions. Our differences are serious and require a lot more thought on both our parts, especially in how you guide the transition from oral traditions and speech to creative writing. But some of the quarrels were academic because the class books drew on inspiration from many angles.

Bill Currier felt that the atmosphere of language drills, telling and reading stories, translations, and the tape library radically improved English usage. The kids became fluent and felt competent. The status of the kids who could not read or write changed completely when they became storytellers of reputation. He thought the process of making books was crucial for opening up the classroom calmly and hopes this year to encourage the kids to produce books independently. He plans to bring in an old typewriter for them to make the ditto sheets themselves.

Both teachers felt that the most important single thing about the stories and the project was something we didn't forsee; it helped give the classrooms the qualities of a society. The stories brought out character and humor and shared language. They were a medium for children becoming closer to each other and the teachers.

And now the stories.

I. Chinese Stories

冬筍

從前中國有一個很孝順的小孩子.凡是他的母親要他做的事,他一定去做.有一天他的母親生病,他就替他母親燒飯煮菜和買東西. 有一個冬天,他的母親要吃筍子.他就到處去找筍子,可是他找不到筍子.回家之後他就坐在樹下哭.神聽到他的哭聲而被感動,因此,神就使他的每一粒滴在地上的眼淚變成筍子.因為這種筍子是生在冬天,所以他們就叫做冬筍.

WINTER BAMBOO

Long ago in China there was a very faithful boy who did whatever his mother told him to do. One day his mother got very sick, so he helped his mother to cook and buy things. In winter time one day his mother wanted te eat bamboo, so the boy went all around the village to find bamboo, but he couldn't find any. While going home he sat by a tree and started to cry. A god heard him crying and that moved his heart. So every tear drop the boy dropped onto the ground the god turned into bamboo. That's why they call it winter bamboo.

Fou Ching Huang and
his mother, Chia Mei

虎皮

從前有一個很嗇吝的人，有一天，突然被老虎銜跑了，他兒子趕緊拿起刀趕上來，就在後邊去追。當他兒子追到了，正想舉刀斬老虎時，吝嗇鬼在老虎口腔裏看見了，就趕緊對他兒子喊着說：「你要斬就只斬老虎的腳呀，可別傷老虎皮。」

THE TIGER'S SKIN

A long time ago there was a man who was very miserly. One day a tiger suddenly got him and ran. His son picked up a sword and ran after the tiger. When his son caught the tiger and was just about to chop it the miser man in the tiger's mouth saw him and said, son, if you want to chop the tiger just chop the legs but don't chop the tiger's skin.

King Ng and his father

不行.太愛我了.

Kenneth Lee錄.祖母講述

從前有一對夫婦與父母同住.他們的母親很愛吃肉.故那家庭主婦常常煮肉.有一天.她煮肉湯给母親吃.母親吃後說真美味.但女兒希望母親不要她再煮此湯.但有一天.她母親又要再吃此湯.母親偷偷看她做甚麼.為何那些肉是那般的鮮甜.原來女兒割下了自己的肉.她的腿只剩下骨頭.母親就暈了過去.

DON'T LOVE MEAT TOO MUCH

Once there was a couple who lived with their mother and father. The couple's mother loved meat very much. So the housewife had to cook meat a lot of times. One day she cooked meat with soup and moather ate it. She said, It tastes delicious. But the daughter wished that she would never ask to cook that again. One day her mother wanted to eat it again. This time the mother peeked at what she was doing and how come the meat was so fresh. She saw that she cut off her own meat and only a bone was left in her leg. Then her mother fainted.

Kenneth Lee
and his grandmother

故事一 香港兵頭花園的銅馬

兵頭花園有一匹銅馬，馬上有個銅像，這個銅像是紀念從前有一位功績很大的英國將軍。兵頭花園很美麗，很多人在那兒玩耍，連我自己也喜歡和鄰居們在那兒遊玩。

花園內有一隻孔雀，很喜歡美麗的衣服和稱讚，人越稱讚牠，牠便越張開尾巴，叫做「孔雀開屏」。

隔壁有一隻鳥，叫做鸚鵡，這鳥一見到人便歡喜，聰叫人若人說你叫聲我啦！，見到男孩，他會叫「哥哥」，見到女孩，他叫「大姑娘」。

聽說那隻銅馬連同銅像，晚得過處走，一天晚上，這隻馬走出街頭，踐踏了一個人，又踏爛了很多花，人人都覺得很奇，昨晚，巡邏警察都靜靜吼著這一條馬。

有一晚，原來這這來了一隻馬，跳下跳下，走出街上，那個巡邏警察看到，便開鎗打，打中了，那馬受傷了，仍跳下，跳下，這回兵頭花園，那警察追也找不見了牠。

後來第二日，人們看到那銅像竹騎的馬，大腿上有了一個子彈孔，是否那銅馬真的晚得晚上到處走，我也不知道，只是人云我云，我只將這個故事講來給小孩聽。

陳玉文講述
雅 Kenneth Lee 錄

THE BRONZE HORSE OF
HONG KONG BOTANICAL GARDEN

There is a bronze horse in the Hong Kong Botanical Garden. Riding on this horse was a statue of a famous British general. The Hong Kong people like to go to this Botanical Garden because it is very beautiful. Even I myself loved to go there with my neighbors when I was in Hong Kong.

In the garden there was a peacock that loved the sight of beautiful clothes and plenty of flattery. The more one praised him, the more it would fan out its tail feathers. In Chinese we call it "Peacock Fan Opening" (Hung Cheuk Hoi Peng).

Next to the peacock lived a parrot. It also liked people. Whenever people said "Greet me, please," it would say, "Big Brother!" to a boy and to a girl, "Dear Girlie!"

It was heard that the bronze horse together with the statue would gallop around at night. It even stepped on a man one evening. Many flowers and plants in the Botanical Garden were trampled. People began to wonder who did this kind of damage. The policeman on duty was trying hard to catch whoever did this.

One night, suddenly, a horse galloped from afar. The policeman fired at the horse. Wounded, the horse limped back to the Botanical Garden and disappeared, even though the policeman tried to keep close. The next day people found that the bronze horse had a hole in its thigh. Was this bronze horse the very one that was shot? Is it true that it could gallop at night? People have been repeating this story and I repeat the same to you.

Kenneth Lee
and his grandmother,
Yuk Man Chan

HOW WE CAME FROM CHINA

My parents came from China to Hong Kong. On that day my mother and brothers came to Hong Kong. That day it was raining and they didn't have water to drink. My father was there in China because the government didn't let the whole family go because they were scared that all the people stay in Hong Kong. They didn't want to go back to China because they had to do a lot of hard work. They stayed there for some months and then my father came to Hong Kong.

My mother didn't want to go back to China again. We lived with my grandmother. The building was little and we had to sleep together in one bed. Five people slept in one bed. The next day my cousin told us to move in a village because we would have more place to sleep. My father, mother and brothers made a new house next to the other house. In our house we had a little barn and we had chickens and trees and a well.

We lived there for some months and my father went to work and the job was selling gold fish. We had to make a big pool for the fish. When we finished the pool we played in it for several days, then my father put the gold fish in it.

Every day my grandmother always woke up early and she washed the dishes and did a lot of work. Sometimes me and my mother and my grandmother went to my sister's house by walking because my grandmother didn't like to sit in the bus. My sister had six children. She had four girls and twin boys. She had a big barn and they sold chickens and had a lot of dogs. My sister liked to plant flowers and trees. My sister's house was next to the river. Sometimes my mother helped my sister to take care of the children and sometimes she slept in my sister's house. Then the next day she would come back and we had to go to school every day.

On the school day they had a half day every day and I went to school in the morning and my brothers went in the afternoon. On the weekend we had to do work—chop the wood and feed the fish and the dog. I lived there ten years and then my uncle said he was going to tell the government that we was going to the United States. But we had to wait a long time because my mother didn't have the letters to prove that. My aunt helped my uncle to write the letters because my uncle didn't know how to write Chinese. In some months the government let us go to the United States. On the day we left Hong Kong my grandma was very sad because no one stayed with her. Then we left my house and we went to the airport to come to the United States.

Linda Wong

HOW MY MOTHER'S LIFE BEGAN

(I know the whole story)

My mother had about three mothers. After my grandfather married his first wife soon she had a child. When my mother was 12 months old there was a war in China. My mother's mother died when the war began. My grandfather brought my mother to Hong Kong and he married another woman. In Hong Kong my grandfather married another one and my mother's first stepmother raised her up.

One day a man came in my grandfather's store and asked him for a job. He said, OK. Then my mother fell in love and they got married. Then they moved about three blocks from my grandfather's store. They lived there and after they had me they raised me for two years and then there was a war again. Almost every day they got a war.

My mother didn't like the apartment we were living in. Then my mother had my second sister and we moved to our grandfather's store in Hong Kong. My grandmother said there is not much room for so many people. Then my grandfather said, I'll build a house on the roof. My grandmother and grandfather agreed with him.

When every year went past my mother had another child until she had five children. Then one day my father got a letter from my aunt. She lived in America. In the letter she said, come to America because she needed my father to help her do something. I said, I don't want to go to America because I don't know any friends over there. My mother said, you must go because your father wants you to learn some English. I told my mother that I will never learn any English.

When it was the day we have to leave Hong Kong we missed our grandmother and grandfather. Then we arrived in Hawaii to stay two days. Then we got on the plane and headed for America. When we arrived at the airport we met our aunt. She got an apartment for us. It had two bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen, and a living room. We said, we'll take it. Then a month later we went to school.

(cont'd.)

I met a girl named Kim Ling. I thought she was Chinese because she looked like one but when I knew how to speak English she told me that she is an Indian girl. When I was in the third grade I met a new girl from Hong Kong. Her name was Yuk Lin Ny. She told me that Hong Kong had a war again and a big storm. When I got home I told my mother the story that Yuk Lin told me. My mother said it may be true or false.

When the next year my mother had another child now we have six children. It seems like a dream to me that we came to America and my mother had a child here. One night I said to my sister, does it seem like a dream to you? She said, it seems yes and it seems no. The next morning I woke up to see was it a dream or not. It wasn't a dream at all. It was true. This year I am in the fifth grade and my teacher is Miss Brooks. She is kind to the children so I told my mother and sister.

At night I wonder what is going to be our future.

Ka Po

THE GIRAFFE AND THE HORSE

Once upon a time there was a giraffe and he go to eat some leaves and a horse said, you eat my leaves, I fight you! Wait, I tell you something, said the giraffe. In 100 miles there is a cave. Inside are 4,000 Batmen and Robins. You go to fight them. OK, let's go inside, said the giraffe. Wait, I go home to get a gun first, said the horse. OK, let's go in.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG

Inside have no Batmen and Robins; he trick me so I go home to get him, said the horse. YOOOOOOOHOOOOOO.

I eat all your leaves, said the giraffe! O my leaves! I don't have the leaves to get my wife, said the horse!

Bye, bye, next week see you, said the giraffe.

Eddy Young

II. The Black Idiom

JOE FRAZIER AND MUHAMMED ALI

Muhammed Ali and Joe Frazier. Joe Frazier gonna hurt Muhammed Ali. Joe Frazier gonna come out with the bell. He gonna give Muhammed Ali a left to the jaw and a right to the head and then he gonna come out smoken and Joe Frazier gonna pour some water on him.

I think Muhammed Ali is 250. It's in the 200's. I don't know. Joe Frazier weigh 200 and something. Joe Frazier says he is gonna be up his nostrils. Then Muhammed Ali says he's gonna beat him. Vitalis can't even help. Joe Frazier says, the reason you gonna be layen on the floor is cause Vitalis ain't gonna help you.

Muhammed Ali says, you'd better be smoken because I'm not joken. Then Joe Frazier says, you the one that's gonna be smoken and I'm not joken.

Joe Frazier's hands gonna be moven so fast and he probably wait for a while until he knocks Muhammed Ali out. Muhammed Ali's hands are gonna be moven so fast but Joe Frazier's hands gonna be smoken and moven ten times as fast.

He's gonna be the champ. He's the champ. Muhammed Ali says he don't like people who talk too much. The reason Joe Frazier's gonna beat him is because he talks too much. Muhammed Ali says nobody even got to his face. Joe Frazier is gonna get to his face and he ain't joken.

Lamont Sargent

THEY'RE BOTH GONNA LOSE

Lamont's story is no good because he doesn't know who is gonna win. You know what I think? I think they're both gonna lose, because they so strong they might knock each other out.

I think Muhammed Ali is gonna knock Joe Frazier out. Joe Frazier is gonna fly all the way up to Pluto and Joe Frazier is gonna land all the way down to Earth. Muhammed Ali is gonna knock Joe Frazier in the stomach and punch him in the head, and Joe Frazier is gonna be starten to bleed. And Muhammed Ali is gonna let Joe Frazier knock him down and then at the last round Muhammed Ali is gonna have smoke comen out of his ears and fire comen out of his nose and lightning comen out of his eyes. And Muhammed Ali is gonna knock Joe Frazier to the moon and make sure the moon goes all the way to Pluto and make sure Pluto goes all the way to heaven. And Muhammed Ali is gonna win the fight.

Joe Frazier is gonna see Pluto and the planets and stars in his head and little birdiesin his head whistlin away. And Muhammed Ali will have to go all the way up to heaven in a rocket ship and get Joe Frazier out. And Joe Frazier is gonna have to go back to his house. Muhammed Ali and Joe Frazier gonna have to be friends and neighbors and live happily ever after.

Bryan Chaplin

THE SPITTING BOY

I remember when I was eight years old and we used to live on Madison Street. My brother he was seven years old. He ran down to the train station and got on the train when my mother was sleeping. She woke up and ask, where was my brother? I told her he ran down to the train station. She said, WHAT! Then she called my uncle and all us went looking for him. Then we went to part of New Jersey. He wasn't in New Jersey. My mother said, I wonder where did he go to? Then we went all the way to the Bronx Zoo. We ain't seen him so my mother started looking all over and calling him.

So she didn't find him, so we went to the police station. We asked the police. The police said, no, they was looking for him and they couldn't find him. Then my mother saw two cops. They was Adam Twelve, and they started looking for my brother. My mother got to that park, I forget the name now, too late and the cops got there just on time. There he was in an animal cage playing with the animals. They got him out.

When we was coming all the way home all of us got lost. Then my mother called my other uncle. He came looking for us. First he called the cops and told them to get a Search Warrant to find us. But the cops didn't want to put a Warrant out for us, so he told the cops goodbye, and he went to look for us himself. He went to Prospect Park. He got there too late. We was already there and gone. Then we found the way home and we went to sleep without even telling him that we was home. He was looking for us three days. He called my whole family. My whole family came looking for us and we was in the bed asleep. All of them was looking for us ten days. They never had no sleep. Then my mother called my grandmother but she wasn't there. They was looking for us five more days.

IN THE COUNTRY

Then it started turning winter. They was looking for us all summer until winter came. Then my mother called. All of them had a touch of pneumonia. So my mother went looking for them and my mother found them. We was living in the country and my mother went all the way up to Brooklyn and found them and they was starving. They didn't have no food to eat for a long time. First thing my mother said was, before you eat or anything I'm going to take you to the hospital in my car. Then her car broke down and had two flats in the back. She fixed the two flats and then the front

tires had a flat. So she fixed the tire and got there just in time cause they was going to die.

Then they got well. The hospital got them well. They came home with us. My mother bought six meat loafs, ten hamburgers, and twenty sodas. Then before they ate they went into the living room and played some records. My little brother came and he drunk all the sodas and ate all the meat loafs and everything. They came into the kitchen and saw he was eating the last hamburger and drinking the last soda. Then my brother he was so full they chased him all the way to Manhattan and he bust open the door with his belly it was so fat. Finally they caught him and he took his belly and bonked them all against the wall. He bounced them like a rubber ball. Then my mother she took him and flipped him over her back and she stepped on his belly and all that food came spitting out on all my family faces except my grandmother and my mother. Then he was real skinny as in a pencil stick.

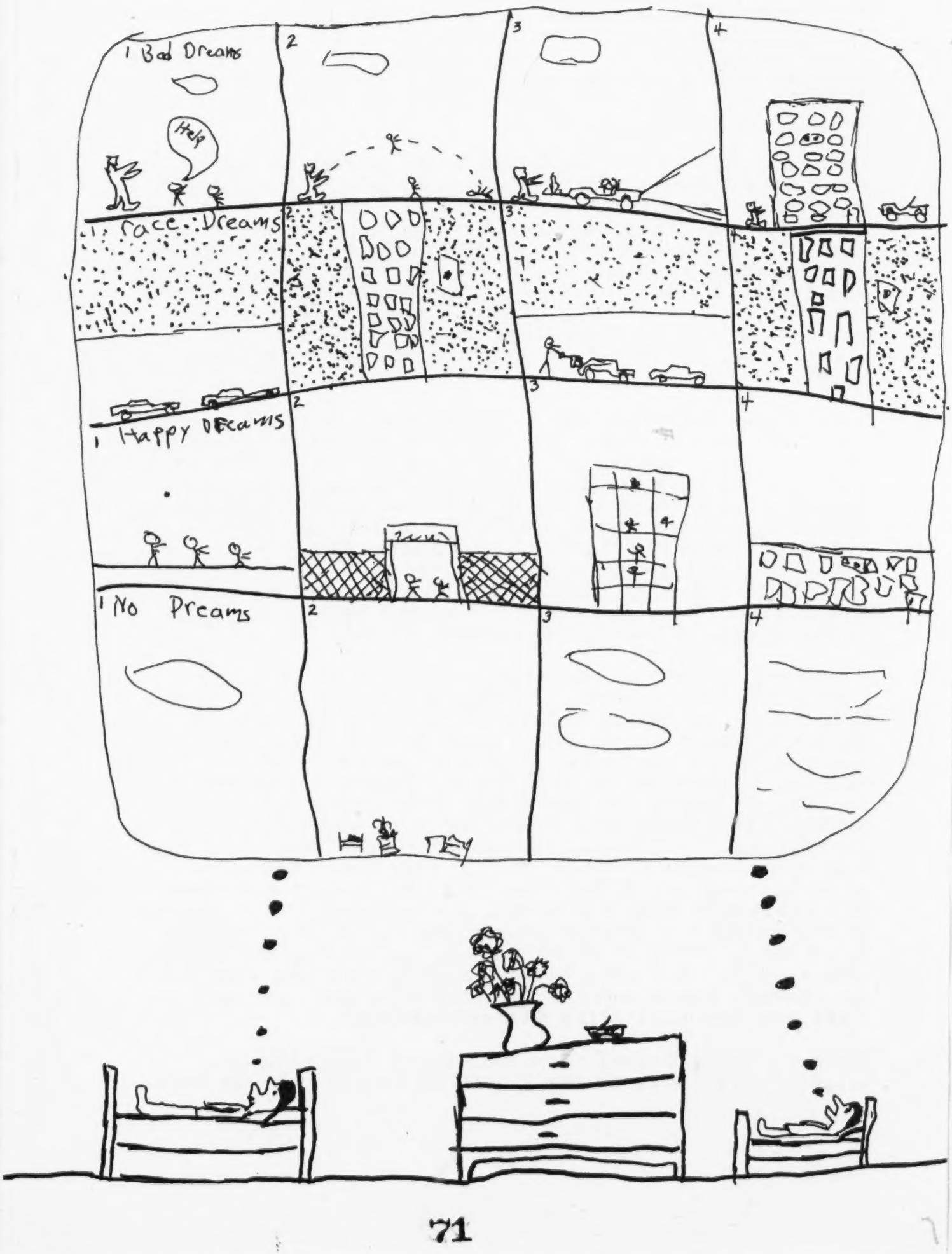
They washed their self up and had to put on their new clothes because he had spit all over their good suits and everything. They said, how are we going to get back to the country? We into some kind of different thing, we into Brooklyn! My brother said, I know how. I'll fill my belly up again and you all chase me back and I'll do the same thing that I did to you all before. I'll spit on all of you except the two I didn't spit on before.

My uncle said, I got an idea. Let's take a taxi all the way to the country. All of them agree with him. So all of them call a taxi and got in and the taxi took them all the way back to the country. When they got back to the country they had to pay the taxi man $3,000. So they told my brother to fill up his belly so he could spit on the man this time. So he did it. He chased him all the way back where he came from. So the man jumped into his taxi cab and the boy chased him all the way back to Brooklyn. Then the boy spitted so hard he made the car have a flat tire. So the man jumped out of his taxi and started running. He was on the Brooklyn Highway. So the boy spit so strong he made the spit turn into a tire. He spit on the man and killed the man dead as a doornail. Then all the spit was out of him and he was nice and didn't spit no more. He was normal size again.

So he got into the taxi and drove all the way home. My grandmother and mother gave him and all the people a treat to eat. So they said, thank you. Then all of them went back home and they laughed all the way home.

Anthony Lang

III. A Book of Dreams



A DAY DREAM I HAD AT NIGHT

One night at Sunday I saw too many T.V. shows. When at nighttime I sleep I have a dream. It was about a ghost I saw on T.V. in the morning. I dreamed about the ghost was murdering me and I shook and I woke up real scared. Then I covered my head with a blanket. Then I wasn't scared anymore.

I put my hand on my cheek and I was sitting on my bed. I saw Mr. Currier teaching and the class writing and Mr. Currier is pointing a stick on the blackboard. Everybody seems quiet. Everyone is sitting in a circle in the math area. In Class 410 we never had a day so quiet before. I feel sitting on something soft. (It wasn't in color, it was in black and white.) Mr. Currier is mumbling about something and writing at the blackboard. And Eddy wasn't himself, he didn't say anything or interrupt the class. Mr. Currier didn't yell at him and something seems wrong.

They stopped writing and I didn't have a pencil or desk or a book to write on. Mr. Currier is giving some kinds of questions. Suddenly I look at myself in the class. I was wearing pajamas and a blanket was covering me. People were looking at me as if I wasn't wearing pajamas. Chui Fong and the girls didn't talk one little squeak. I didn't see Bryan or Rafael or Lamont. There wasn't no light and the classroom didn't seem like it was a classroom...no pictures hanging on the wall. No math table. No gerbils. No rabbit cage. I wasn't paying attention to the class. I was looking at the room.

Yu Kwong is putting his fingers in his nose right here... like a ring in his nose. Yu Kwong didn't laugh. I knew that wasn't Yu Kwong because he never puts his hand there and don't laugh. No rabbit shit smelling. Everything is like a movie and it is a little bit invisible. You can see a little bit through them. David is showing off because he knows the question. Then the girls tried to talk and everybody was mumbling but I can't hear nothing. I was alone. Yu Kwong, Eddy, Thomas, Kevin, and Kam was mumbling too. They wasn't near me. They was somewhere else. I feel like I was in back of the room and everybody else was in the front. Then Diana started giving candy and Ruthie came along and started putting her hand in front of Diana's face. Diana started crying like a baby. She gave her a tiny little bit and Ruthie ate it. Ruthie wants more. Diana doesn't give her any. They are communicating without talking.

Then suddenly Rafael came sitting on the chair like magic. David was on the front and Rafael pull his hair

and then he complain about it to the teacher. Then the teacher say something like he always say but I can't hear it. I think the teacher say, stop pulling that shit David. David said, it's not fair, Rafael pulled my hair. That's what they always say. And Mr. Currier he said, don't tell it to me, tell them to stop. David started getting really mad and stamping his foot on the ground but it doesn't look like he's stamping his foot real hard and I can't hear the footstep. And Yu Kwong, the Sticky Fingers, was going to play with something and Mr. Currier saw him playing with his pen. Mr. Currier took the pen and hit him on the finger. Yu Kwong gave him that humble look.

When I get tired I fall asleep. When I wake up it is 8:15. I was late for school. I dressed and didn't get to eat breakfast. In the classroom I see all those Class 410 people again. I have two classes, including Chinese school three classes.

Jonathan Ling

WHEN I WENT TO AFRICA

One day me and John and Rafael and Lamont wanted to see what Africa looked like so bad. So John said, I know the way to Africa. I'll lead youse there. Then me, John, Rafael and Lamont went to Africa.

When we went people started following us too because they wanted to get baby lions. So we tried to hide from them. We hid in the bushes but the people needed bushes to put on the tree house they're making. So they found us. We ran and climbed up a tree. Then they needed some wood to build the tree house so they chopped the tree and we fell so they found us and we ran and ran.

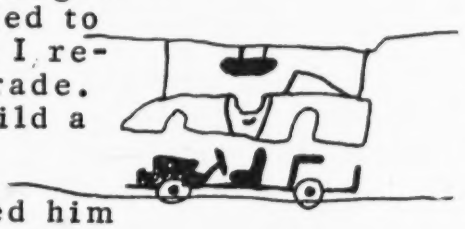
We ran all the way back to school. Then we went to the first floor and hid in the boys' bathroom. Then they found us because they have to go to the bathroom. Then we went to the lunchroom. They started following us. Then John said, I know some magic that can turn us into sandbags so nobody will know us. And then John said, don't eat too much because if you eat a lot you won't turn into a sandbag.

They was having Lamont's favorite food—raw eggs and vomit. Then Lamont ate all the food. He ate everybody's food. Then John couldn't turn Lamont into a sandbag because he was so fat and he smelled so bad. None of the other guys ate so John turned us into a sandbag. We was in a lot of trouble because the people who work in the dump trucks needed that sand to build a mountain. They picked us up and they threw us in a dumptruck. Then they threw us in Sandland. Then John said he had to turn us back to people again. So he did. Then Lamont came running and he threw up in a hole because he was still too fat. Then he took a bath. All the people couldn't find us, so we went to Africa.

Bryan Chaplin

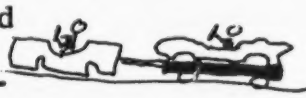
THE DREAM RACE

I was walking down the street with a friend of mine. His name was Henry. Henry and me was best buddies. We been in school together all the time. We both got left back two times in college. And then when we got out of college we tried to look for a job. Nobody gave us jobs. But I remember an old chum of mine from sixth grade. He said when he grows up he's going to build a racing car and race the Grand-Prix.

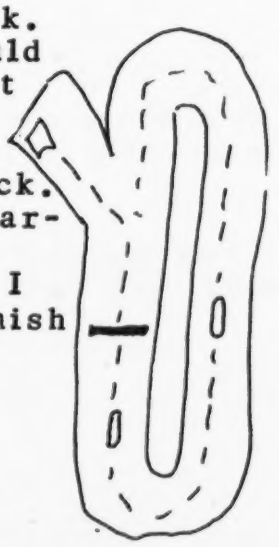


So I looked in the telephone book and called him up. My friend's name was Ralph. When I called him I said, this is David. David who? David Jiminez, don't you remember me? Oh yes, my sixth grade school chum. How are you? And I said, fine thank you. How is the racing business? He said, fine. And I said to him, can I have a job? He said, sure. I've been looking for a racer two weeks. I can't drive my own cars because I have lots of instructions and pay people and I don't have a chance to go to drive on the track. I said, can I have the job? He said, sure. So Ralph said, meet me tomorrow at two o'clock.

Then I went home and went to sleep early. I couldn't wait until it would be two o'clock. Then two o'clock came. I went to where he lived and talked to him for a little while and then we went to his garage where the cars was. And David looked at the car and said, wow, that's a pretty cool car. Ralph asked if I knew how to drive. I said, sure, Henry showed me how to drive. And then they brung the car to the racing track for practice. David tried starting the car and driving it. He had to go fifty times around the track before he could win. And they timed him. He took ten minutes to go fifty times around the track. Ralph said, a record! The other people said, could they have a job and David said, yes. They didn't even pass the Grand-Prix.



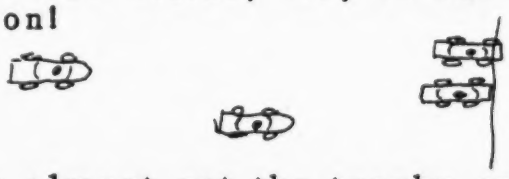
Ralph was married and his wife went to the track. His wife's name was Trixy and he said, hello darling. How are you feeling? And they talked a little while. Then the day came for the race. I got in the car and they pushed the car to the finish



line. Ralph said, please win because I lost two races already.

AND THEY'RE OFF!!!

Another person in another car was named Killer. That was his racing name and he beats a lot of people in races. He cheats sometimes too. Then he tried to get me out of the track. I said, get out of here you bum! Killer said, I'm going to get you off this track if I have to tear your car apart. But I put on the gun. When Killer said he was going to get me off the track I was going 300 miles per hour but now I am going 1,000 miles per hour. I almost hit the wall by Killer. He likes to run down everybody in the world. And soon he will be entering the Slicky 100 Mile Race and after that he will enter The Most Dangerous Race in the World. The track was bad too. And another guy was in front of me and I passed him because I had to tell him something. His wheel was so wobbling and it might fall off and he might crash. Luckily I caught up to him to tell him that and he went into the pit stop. Then there was 49 laps already. David was tied with another person and that was Killer. And they was coming into the stretch and it was Killer, NO, it was David, NO, the Killer won!



Then when Killer almost got the trophy one of the photographers took a picture of when they got to the finish line and he went to the tower and told the man who was talking that it was a mistake, Killer didn't win, David did. Then he told it to everybody. Killer said, I'm going to get that David if it's the last straw. And David's manager said, Good Work!

After the Slicky Race he won and they wanted to win The Most Dangerous Race in the World. David won that too. When they got to the next race they saw the Champion of the Racers. His name was Rex. He won almost every race in the world. Then I got in the race with him and challenged him and I won and made a fool out of him. David was the champion of the world!

Then my grandmother woke me up to go to school, and that was the end of my dream.

David Jiminez

HOW THE CHINESE PEOPLE GOT THEIR NAME

One day I wondered how the Chinese people got their name. I know they got called Chinese. I wonder how did they? Then I thought of something. I remember I used to eat Chinese food and maybe they named them after that. So I asked somebody, how did the Chinese people got their name by Chinese? They said they remember they used to eat Chinese food. That's how they got their name.

Then I bumped into one of them and I didn't know how they was talking. I asked them how was they talking? He said something back to me I ain't understand. I tried to translate their talking. Then I took him to my house. I asked my mother and my friend how he talked. They did not know either. Just then I remembered something. Then I told my mother, if we can't translate the way they's talking my friend can because he talks the same way. Then I took them to my friend's house. My friend talked the same way they talked. My friend speaks English and Chinese. My friend name was called Bob. I told Bob, do you know what they is saying? He said, yes. Bob said, didn't I tell you how to speak Chinese you stupid numbskull? But Anthony said, I ain't no stupid numbskull. Anyway, you can't understand their talk. Then Bob said to Anthony, you forgot! You are a scientist.

Then Anthony said, I remember. I have a pill that control Chinese and English. Anthony gave the Chinese boy the pill. The Chinese boy started to talk English. He told us in English he wanted to rule the world. He lived on Pluto. Then he called his whole family from Pluto to conquer the Earth. The Earth people had machine guns and hand grenades but it still didn't stop the Chinese people. They still didn't hurt the Chinese people. The Chinese people had shells covering their spaceships and ammunition and ray guns. They threw one of their ray guns on the floor and all the animals from the past popped out. But the Earth people didn't give up. They was throwing ammunition right and left. Rockets they throw until they had three more men to kill.

But Anthony didn't believe it because he thought it was a dream. Then Anthony woke up and it was a dream. That goes to show you you shouldn't believe your dreams.

Anthony Lang

BAD LUCK DAY

This story is about a ghost who followed me. One day I went to the park to play with my friend. Then I went home and ate dinner. I looked at the calendar. The day was Friday the Thirteenth. It was bad luck day. I was scared and I went to bed.

I slept for a while and I had a dream. I dreamed that a ghost was following me. I screamed and then I woke up. My mother woke up and she went to my bedroom. She asked me what's the matter. I said I had a dream about a ghost who followed me. She said that it was all right, it was only a dream. I asked her do dreams come true. She answered, sometimes.

She told me to go to bed. I went to bed and I dreamed the same thing again. But this one was a little different. I was sleeping and I heard a noise. I woke up and I saw something white. It was a ghost. It was so frightening that I couldn't even scream. I stood still and I blinked my eyes, so I went back to sleep and when I woke up in the morning I told her the dream came true about the ghost.

She said, I think it was only your imagination. I told her it was true, but she didn't believe me. She took me to a doctor because she thought I was sick. The doctor said that there was nothing wrong with me. Then she took me to a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist told me what was wrong. I told him that I had an awful dream last night. He said to tell him the dream. I told him the dream. He asked me if the dream came true and I said, yes. But my mother still didn't believe me, so the doctor said that I don't know whether to believe you or not. I told the doctor that it means that he didn't believe me either. My mother took me home and she thought that I was lying about the dream, so she punished me.

She locked me in my room until dinner time. The ghost came into my room through the window. I turned the other way because I didn't want to look at him because he was so ugly. He had a lot of hair and he had only one eye in the front of his head. He had only one ear and two fangs on the top of his mouth and two on the bottom. He had pimples on his lip and he had long eyebrows and long eyelashes. His toenails are very, very long. And on the tip of his nose he had a target with a little dot and circles around it. He said, I am going to follow you for the rest of your life! And I said, what kind of ghost are

you anyway? The ghost said, I am a bad luck ghost who comes on Friday the Thirteenth and gives bad luck to a person and the person dies. But the person if he takes good care of himself he will not die and he will get good luck.

It was dinner time. My mother opened the door. She said that if I talked anymore about the ghost she is going to give me the biggest punishment in my life. When I left the room I was crying and I was frightened. Since my mother didn't want to hear anymore, I didn't tell her. I ate dinner and after that my mother made rollers for her hair and she told me to go to bed. I went to bed but my mother stayed up. She waited for a little while until I was sound asleep, then she came into my room and she saw the ghost. She was so frightened too that she screamed and her rollers popped out of her hair. She took me in her arms and she ran out of the room and we ran out of the house.

I woke up and she told me she was sorry that she didn't believe me. The police came and they asked us why are we outside without our coats. The police took us both to the station and the sheriff asked us why we weren't in our house and in our pajamas instead of clothes. My mother told them that my daughter and me saw a ghost. The sheriff didn't believe us. He told one of the police to drive us home and to search the house. My mother had her jewelry in a jewelry box. She looked inside and they were all gone. She screamed and the police came into her room and asked what was wrong. My mother said the ghost stole my jewelry. The policeman asked her how much worth do those jewelries have? She told him that they were a thousand dollars worth. The police said, OK, but first I will have to call the station to tell them I would have to stay here. The person in charge sent a policeman with a gun just in case he needs it.

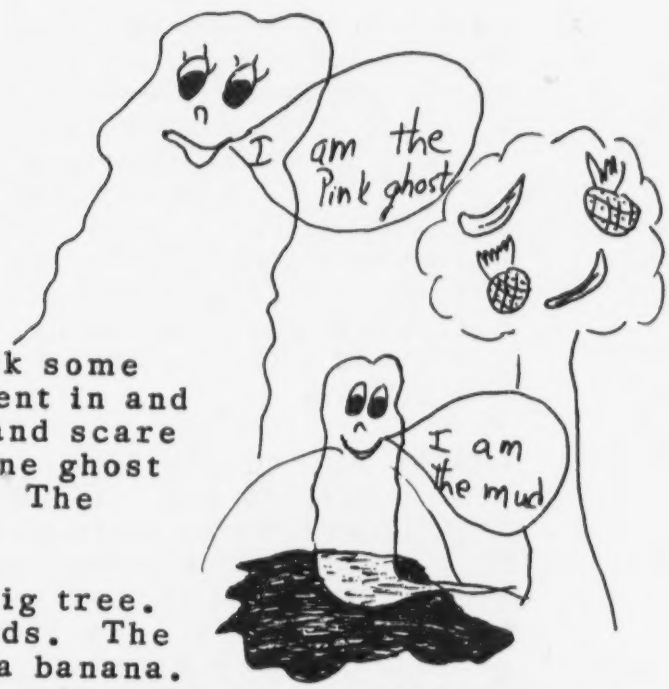
My mother told the police that the ghost stayed in my daughter's room. My mother put me to sleep and then the ghost came. The police saw the ghost and he shot at the ghost. The ghost was a fake. It just had a mask on and a white tablecloth. The way he got through the walls he was a magician. He was a famous magician, and he decided to be a bad ghost. So that's the end of the story.

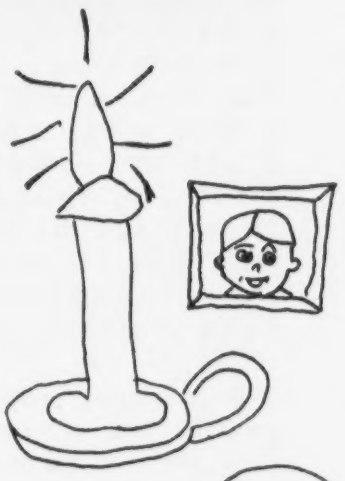
Lourdes Almadovar

THE LIGHT OPENED ITSELF

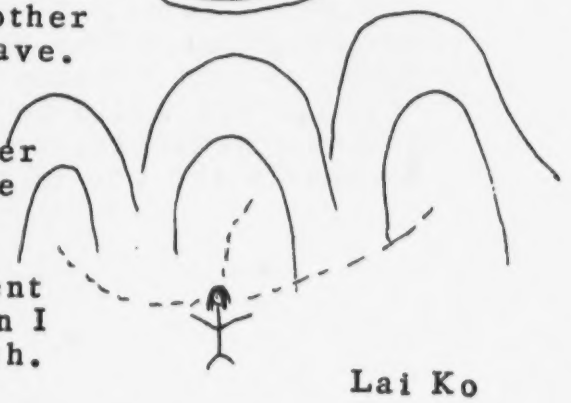
One day I was walking to pick some flowers and I saw a cave. I went in and some ghosts fly up in the sky and scare me. One ghost was red, and one ghost was white, and one was black. The black one was in mud.

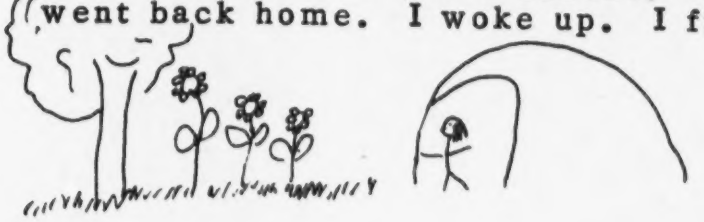
I saw a tree. It was a big big tree. On the tree they have many foods. The tree had a pineapple on it and a banana. Then I saw another cave. I went in and see it was dark. Then I saw a light, and then the light opened itself. I saw a picture of a man looking at me too. Then I saw a creature monster came. I sat in a chair and the creature monster almost grabbed me and then I went someplace. The creature monster walked by me. The creature monster had one eye and had some blood on his head. It was a bad creature monster. A good pink ghost came to the wall and saved me. The creature monster was so mad he told all his friends. Then I ran and ran and ran but I don't know where the other cave is to get out. I saw another cave. It was an outside cave.





Then I ran and ran. It was another ghost cave. There was no one in the cave so I went to another cave and another cave. When I saw a big big cave I saw a light in there. So I went into the cave. I saw a forest. Then I went back home. I woke up. I finish.





Lai Ko

MY DREAM ABOUT THE GHOST

One day I saw a ghost and I am really scared. When I walk anywhere the ghost is following me. Always the ghost is following me. One time when I went into the house I saw the ghost. I look like I am dying! I'm really scared. I'm trying to run away but I can't because the ghost is here. The ghost is trying to kill me. When I saw the ghost he is like a paper. You cannot see him but he is here.

When I open the door downstairs the people are making lunch. When I go out I see my shadow. I tell my mother I see a ghost. My mother tells me not to be scared. So I'm still scared! I tell my mother and she says not to be scared anymore. So my mother tells me, say, why dont' you go to bed. I say, I'm scared! My mother says, scared of what? And I tell my mother all about what I saw, a ghost and when I go to bed I will see it again.

My mother sleeps with me. I dream. When I'm sleeping I'm still dreaming. My mother saw me say AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH! My mother is still sleeping. When I was trying to go outside, that's what my mother was dreaming about. My mother followed me. My mother says, where do you think you are going? I'm going outside to take a walk.

That's the end of my dream.

Nana Chu

AFRICA
BOOK

ONE DAY I FELT DIZZY

One day I felt dizzy. Then I flew out the window and every time I flew out I'd crash into the school. Every time I'd try to turn away I crash right into the school. When I try to fly back to my house every time I miss the window and I crash right back into the school. I flew again. I hit the Empire State Building and I fell in the water and then I woke up.

Lamont Sargent

BACK TO HONG KONG

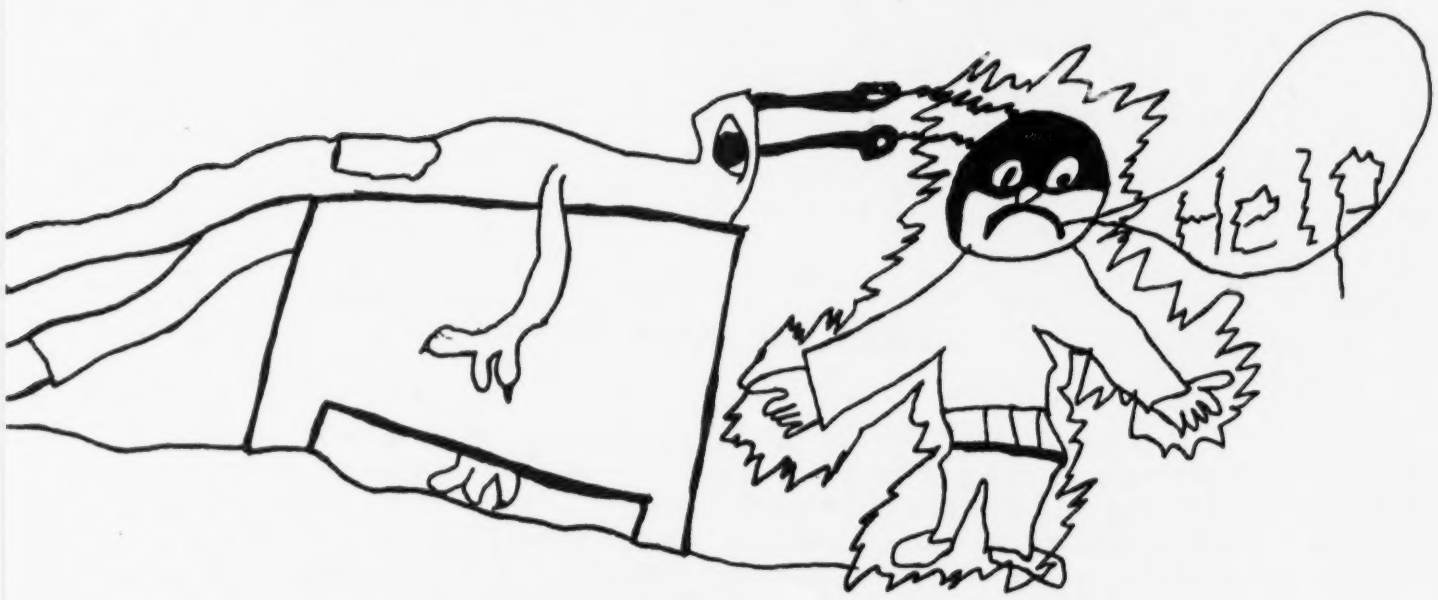
I dream I go back to Hong Kong. One day I was asleep. I was sleeping as hard as if someone were driving an airplane and hit me on the head. When the airplane landed on the earth someone from the airplane took me to another place. I wake up and see a Chinese word. In a few minutes a lot of people came into my room. I know all those men and two women. I go out to the street and went to find my mother. I can't find her. I found my uncle.

My uncle told me to eat dinner...baked fish like Eskimos. And when I finished eating I went to the park to see the cows. Someone put a cow in a car and drove away with it. I saw the car go away. I saw my friend in Hong Kong is reading his book. I called him. And my friend can't remember me. My friend said, are you Yu Kwong? I said, yes.

And my friend is driving a boat. The boat moved. I fell down into the ocean and I died. I wake up and I think I am really dead. Then I knew it was a dream.

Yu Kwong Chui
(told to Eddy Young)

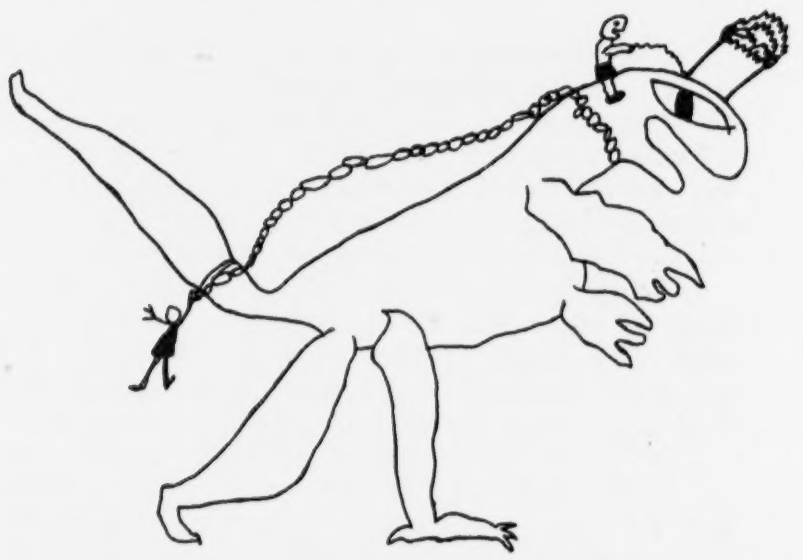
IV. The Horrible, Disgusting, One-Eyed Purple Monster and Other John Morris Stories



Well, it all started one day in the spooky house of Dr. Horrible. He was in his laboratory working on a monster like Frankenstein. But he only had one eye for the monster. So he put on a giant eye he had into the monster right above his nose. Each of the monster's hands only had three fingers because he could only find six fingers. And his legs were longer than a giraffe's and they were as hard as a rhino's skin, and an elephant's skin and a hippo skin put together. And he also had two giant antennaes and he stored a whole lot of electricity in them, about 250,000 and 85 volts. And also his teeth were as big as two stories high.

So Dr. Horrible was working on him, and all of a sudden he got up and swung at Dr. Horrible. Dr. Horrible tried to sew up his chest but the monster

gave him two volts from his antennaes. He smelled like a little barbecue. He lit up like a Christmas bulb. He disintegrated to the ground as ashes. So then the ugly monster with the open chest broke down the wall and after him the laboratory was on fire. So everyone was watching the giant monster walk on buildings, destroy capital buildings, walk on automobiles.



It was February 1955 when he grew two big wings and he took off. One thing I forgot to mention. He blows out of his mouth fire. He hates anything that moves. He will destroy it on sight.

The Army came. The bazookas did not do anything to him. He blew his breath on them until they were crisp frankfurters. And the tanks he picked up and threw around like paper airplanes. The Navy came. He picked those boats up like rubber duckies and sunk them. No survivors came back. Then the Air Force came. They shot their missiles and he caught them in mid air. He breathed his fire on the airplanes and they blew up.

Then Underdog came, and he says, There's no one to fear, Underdog is here! The monster chewed him up like he was a baby duck a dog has got a hold of. Then the Superheroes came—Batman and Robin, Captain America and Bucky, the Green Hornet and Kato, Thor, Superboy and

Cripto, Hawkman, and the Titans, and —guess what—he destroyed all of them!

Finally he came to the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C. He picked it up and said to President Nixon, I ain't playing with you, man, and he ate the White House. What can stop him????? They called the two best people they know of— John Morris and Bryan Chaplin.

I jumped on his back and whipped him. John took a chain and tied his tail to his head. We had a big fight and almost destroyed half of the earth. Then we went to the island where King Kong lived. All the monsters were watching while we beat him up. So we got him all chained like a hog, as a matter of fact, hog-tied. We took him to an island and chained him to the floor. No one lived on this island. So we took an atom bomb and dropped it in the volcano in the very middle of the island and then we jumped in and started swimming. The whole world was watching this thing and they hoped this would destroy the monster.

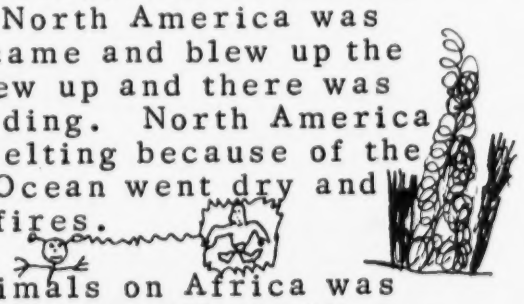
We swum 10,000 miles before you could say HELP. Everything blew. The smoke was all around. Everyone was coughing smoke watching this thing. The smoke cleared up and half of the island was still there. So was the monster, torn in half, bleeding. And his big eye fell into the Pacific Ocean. One of his long bleeding arms fell into the Atlantic and the other into the Indian Ocean. So me and Bryan watched. We stayed there for an hour and then all of a sudden.... ....BLOOOOOPP, the island sunk.

Me and Bryan went home and were watching our dancing girls. We got medals and we were laying down watching Felix the Cat and Maguilla Gorilla. The whole world was at our mercy, kissing our feet. So ends this monster story about a monster that was once really alive and almost destroyed the world. And we went home and that is the end.

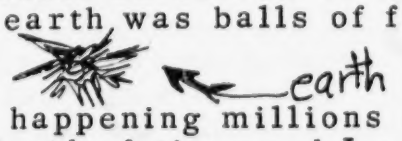
THE MARTIANS THAT DESTROYED THE EARTH

This is in the future. You don't have to worry. You won't be alive when the earth is destroyed. I went forward in time to see this, millions and millions and millions of years ahead of time. That should be long enough.

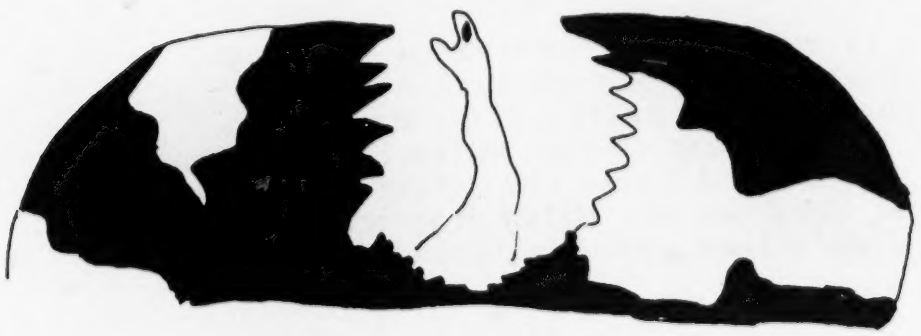
It was in the middle of a Martian war and a modern Empire State Building that almost touched the moon was blown up. The whole continent of North America was sinking and a Martian space ship came and blew up the White House. The White House blew up and there was fire from there to the Pan Am Building. North America was on fire. The Antarctic was melting because of the Martian heat waves. The Pacific Ocean went dry and there was no water to put out the fires.



All of a sudden the natives and animals on Africa was attacking the Martians. But they all got killed—lions, tigers, elephants, armadillos. And the earth cracked open some and all the animals of the past came out—brontosaurus and tyrannosaurus and cave men. They all was destroying the buildings under the Martian command. In one second flat the whole earth went BLLLLLAMMMMMM and that was the end of the earth. The survivors lived on Pluto as slaves of the Martians. All that was left of the earth was balls of fire shooting over the galaxy.



Of course all of this is happening millions and millions and millions of years ahead of time and I can see this in my time capsule. I have nothing more to say to you except one thing. I advise you not to try to steal my time capsule because it is already on fire and it is broken. If you use it, it might take you back in time never to come back. So I have retired from being a scientist. Now I am living in the country taking it easy. Whoever gets this, I advise you to burn it. Goodbye. That's it.



THE MARTIANS CONQUER THE UNIVERSE

It all started right after the war when the Martians conquered the Earth. The population of the Martians got too big so they had to take over the rest of the planets. They got the rocket FIREBALL XL-5 ready and then they took off.

First they came to Venus, and the Venus people shot them down and they crashed. No luck for them on Venus. Then they went to Mercury and they messed with the Mercury people and they got a machine that turns sunlight into a beam of light that blows things up like a lazer beam. So then they sent another rocket up to Saturn. The Saturn people had something in store for them. They flew over with their flying saucer and blew up their whole flying base. So then they got ready and they took off to all the planets and it seemed that they had no luck.

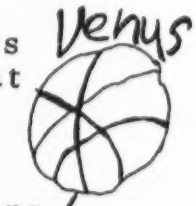
Then all the planets of the universe except for Earth and Mars got ready and they shot their rays and they blew up the Earth. Then the rest of them got very mad. There was the worst war you could ever see between all the planets against Mars. Then the Sun got mad and he shot everything he could and blew up all the planets.

But I was still alive because I took off in my spaceship and I told Mr. Sun to spare some of the people. Then I went back forward to time but I went too forward so that I saw how the planets started...when they were small little babies...just little balls of fire and Saturn and Jupiter were in love. Pluto was in love with no one, he was just kissing every meteorite that came by. Neptune and Earth they were brothers and they used to always fight who would get to lick the stars in the Milky Way because there was room for only one. And Mercury and Venus were sisters and they used to always fight. Mr. Sun was the father and he said that a million years from now they would never fight, but he was wrong. Little Mars he was the only nice one around.

So I went back to my normal time and I found out something very strange—that planets never stay the same. And nobody never believed me except my friend Bryan. So we went to the Milky Way and had some drinks. Bryan had some chocolate coco, but the Sun got mad because the Milky Way was his father and he didn't like anybody taking milk from

him. So Bryan said, I don't care what you say, I'm going to drink anything I want. So the Sun took out a bolt of lightning and threw it at Bryan and Bryan took out a mirror and reflected it back. Bryan wasn't looking so he shot Bryan right on the seat of his pants and I got mad so I said, you can't do that to my friend. I put up my dukes and he put up his lightning bolts and we had a fight. We had a big fight. Me and Bryan went to all the planets and we gathered all the water we could and we put out the sun.

Then all the other planets got mad because we put out their father. Except for Earth. They all said, Earth, come and join us, we going to jump these two guys. But Mother Earth said, No, because they live on my planet. I own these two. They said, you own these two brats! And Earth said, yes, I do, what you going to do about it? Then all the planets tried to beat up Earth. But Earth knew how to beat them all up so none of the planets ever made any trouble again.

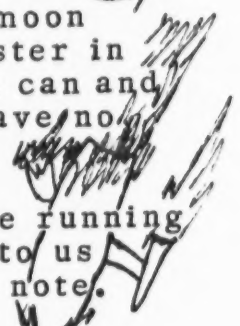


Nobody knows about it except for you people who are reading this message, and I ain't playing with you. This is not a phony message. It is for real. So we're back to Earth now just taking it easy in Class 410, the dumbest class I know of. I am only kidding about that. Me and Bryan are getting ready to go home now. It's almost three o'clock so now good-bye all. I'm going to do my job with Bryan. The rabbit's cage is my job.

THE ROCKET OF DOOM

Apollo Seven, Cleveland speaking. Our rocket is wrecked because of meteors. Now we are crash-landing on the moon and we're stranded here forever. We are fighting a monster too horrible to describe. There are monsters all over the place. We might live for maybe days, maybe weeks. Who knows?

Now we are out of the spaceship and we got a moon walker and we are patrolling the area with a monster in pursuit. Our lunar crawler is going as fast as it can and we're shooting our disintegrating rays but they have no effect on the monster.



Now our lunar crawler is out of gas and we are running for our very lives. Please send some equipment to us soon or we may not be alive to send back another note.

Now two more monsters have spotted us and they are fighting over us, and we are running. Another monster got one of our crewmates. Now there are only two of us because the monster ate him.

We are in a crater setting camp up. We are short on oxygen, and we have made a mistake. We have set our camp up in a monster's trap and he is coming fast. We fired our lazor beams and the entrance caved in. We're digging our way out now. We are weakening of our need for oxygen...we are at the surface now and some more monsters have spotted us. Our lazor beams have no effect on none of the monsters except for the little ones. We are doomed! Our chances are 200 to 0.

*****

We lost the monsters during the night and we met some Martians. The head leader has two big antennaes and is firing lightning rods at us. Now we are running.

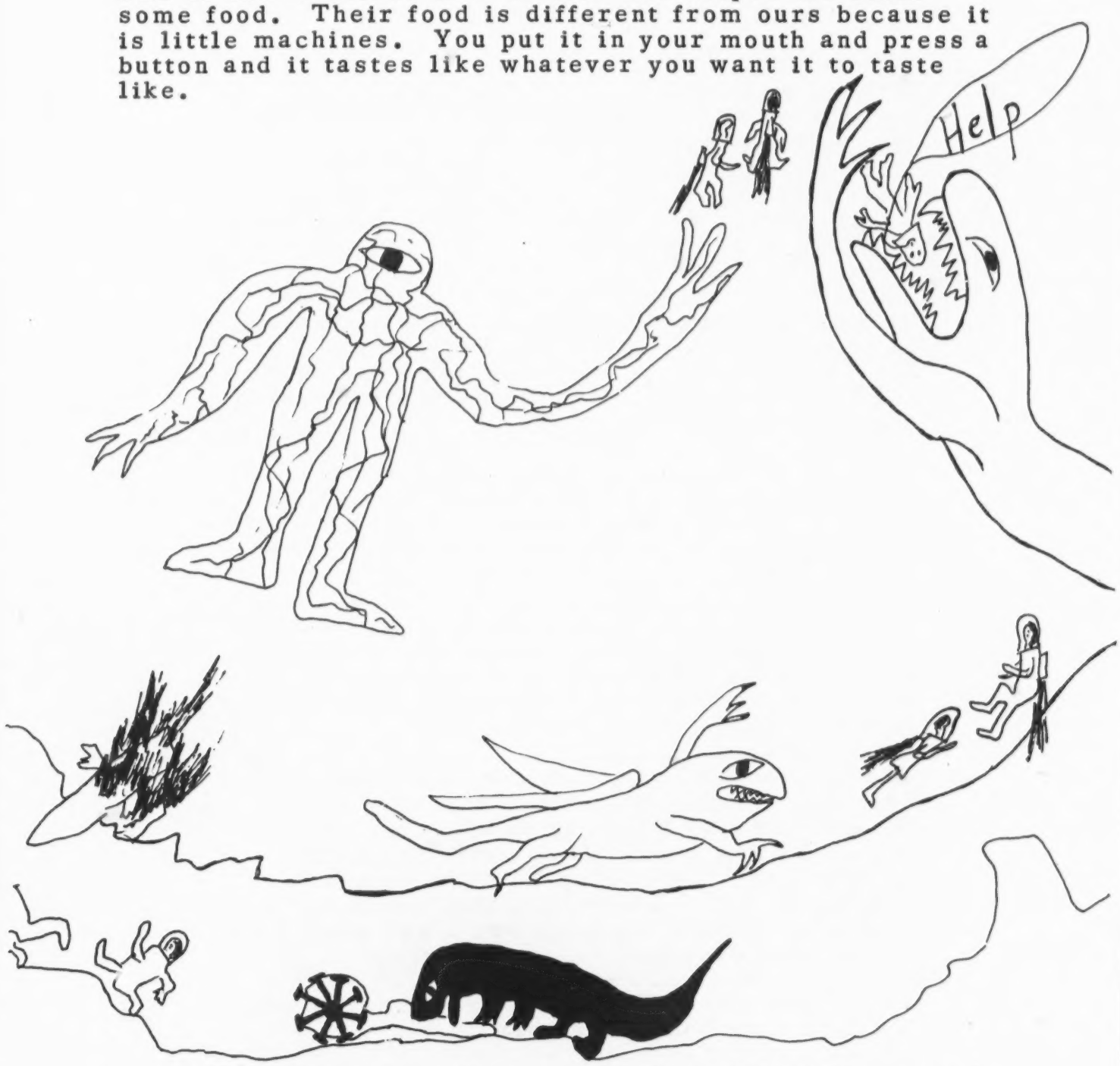
The monsters found us and the Martians were in back of us so we ducked and the Martians met the monsters head on. The Martians killed some monsters. Now there are two monsters left and 100 Martians.

The monsters are chasing us again. We killed some more Martians. There are 90 left. We lost the Martians but we are dying of oxygen starvation. There is only one chance left and that is for you to send us some air tanks. If we (gasp) meet the Martians (gasp) or the monsters (gasp) we will have to (gasp) try our grenades (gasp) on them. We have just found (gasp) a giant monster (gasp) bigger than all the (gasp) others. We are running (gasp) but he seems to catch (gasp) up to us (gasp) because we are weak (gasp) for air. One (gasp) of my crewmates

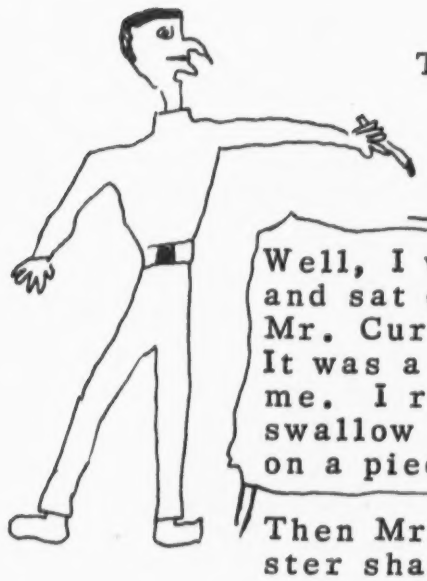
(gasp) was eaten by the (gasp) king monster.

*****

It is nightfall now. I am hiding from the monster. I am low on food supplies because we left most of our equipment where we first set camp. My air conditioner is failing. It will be a matter of weeks now and then I will just die unless you send me the equipment I need. One of the Martians is a traitor and helped me steal some food. Their food is different from ours because it is little machines. You put it in your mouth and press a button and it tastes like whatever you want it to taste like.



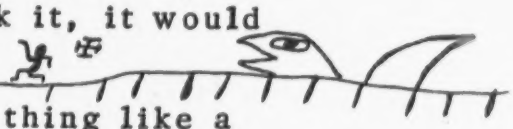
P.S. This letter I got to you by a half-full jet pack. Attached to this jet pack is a picture of the king monster. That's all I have to say.



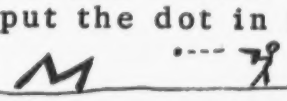
THE WORST DAY OF SCHOOL WITH THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET

Well, I was in school. I went to my desk and sat on it. All of a sudden I shrunk and Mr. Currier came by and took out his pen. It was a black pen and he tried to write on me. I ran away and the letter G tried to swallow me. Of course all this is happening on a piece of paper.

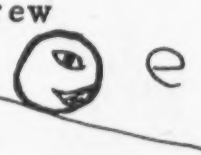
Then Mr. Currier found me. He drew monster shapes on the paper. They turned alive and were chasing me. The little x was flying around like a boomerang and Iwas ducking it. Every time I would duck it, it would come at me faster and lower.



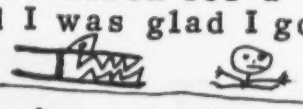
The big M was chasing me something like a horse runs. So I found a letter l. It was a little l. Then I found a dot. Little l was like a gun so I put the dot in it and fired it like a bullet.



Then the letter O came rolling at me and it tried to roll me over. It had two mean eyes on each side. I picked up a little e and threw it at the big O but he returned rolling back faster. Faster than I could look.



Then an H was coming at me sidewards and he had a mouth with very sharp long teeth. When I woke up I finally found out I was dreaming and I was glad. The way I woke up was I was screaming with the H mouth coming at me. Everything was black for a moment. Then I woke up and I was glad I got out of that dream.



From that day on I did all my homework and I didn't play hooky anymore.

AN AWFUL DREAM

Everything was glary and like funny-looking. I was just in my room playing with all my army men and all of a sudden I shrunk and a toy monster came and attacked us.

The flame-thrower man shot him and he fell off the base hanging over the side of my bed. Then all of a sudden the blue army side shot at the ropes hanging us from my brother's top bed and one of them popped and everyone fell off except me and my two favorite army men—crawling man and the one I call John Henry. I picked up a machine gun off the floor and I started shooting and I killed almost half of the squadron on the other side. Then everything got glary again and then sunglasses started following me and looking at me weird and talking to me.

Then they disappeared and then all of a sudden I found out that I wasn't walking on anything. I started to fall and luckily I landed on something soft. Then I found out that I couldn't find my way out and I found out I was in a mouth because I saw some tonsils and teeth. So I took my sling-shot and I pulled out one of his teeth and shot it at the tonsils and it opened its mouth. Then I found out that I was in the Horrible, Disgusting, One-Eyed Purple Monster. That was an awful dream! I wanted to get it down so I wouldn't dream it any more.

Then he got me with his long, three-fingered hands. He had little suction cups and they were coming to kill me and I screamed and screamed and screamed and I woke up. I was under the covers shivering. I took one of my eyes and peeked out and took a long look around. I slowly crept out of the covers and I slowly walked to my machine gun. Then I heard some footsteps. I didn't know it was my father.

I was so excited I shot at him with my toy gun, but it just made a toy bang noise. Then that was the end of it all, my dream that happened April 6th, 1971.

THE DAY MY STORIES ATTACKED ME

Want to know what happened? All my stories attacked me. The Horrible, Disgusting, One-Eyed Purple Monster ate me and the Rocket of Doom blew up in my chest. I was Cleveland and the monster ate me. And even in The Worst Day of School my old dreams attacked me. The glasses bit me. And The Blob in Bryan's dream ripped me apart and Bryan died too. And then all the monsters from all my dreams and all my stories and all Bryan's dreams and all his stories attacked me and Bryan. All the monsters closed in on us.

Then I screamed and my horrible dream was over. But it happened so slowly over and over and over.

V. Writers

THE GOLDEN BOOK

Part I

Once there lived a man. He was very old. He was born before the year 1 B.C. At about that time he was twenty years old. He wrote lots of books but they didn't call them books. Tom had called the book by the name of the title. Anyway, Tom was doing that because he was poor. But he had no parents because his parents were killed in the last battle. Now Tom was left alone until a man came and took care of him. And now Tom is presently twenty years old.

Part II

Years later he heard about God. Tom started to write another story about God. Tom named the book Bible. Tom drew God's picture on the book cover and Tom wrote about God and about his children who ran after God and kiss him at his foot. Also, when enemy was caught they say, my Lord, oh my Lord, please spare me, my Lord, oh please! And God say, Thou, I don't spare thee. Oh Lord, says the man, please forgive me, my Lord, bless thee, bless thee. God say, now shall thee go. And he wrote about God's little son who was locked in the cave and a lady comes and saves him. And Hercules and others like Sampson and people are not heroes but they lived in the old days with God. Tom wrote about half of the book for about thirty years and he was presently fifty years old.

Part III

And every day and night Tom was writing until he fell asleep. But every time he wakes up he starts to write again. But one day he wrote a big story about Sampson and a girl. About the girl that he married. And she tried to learn all his secrets and she made him fell asleep. Then she took out a scissors and started to cut his hair. Then she told the bad guys and Sampson woke up. The girl screamed and said, help, the enemy has come. And they hurry and tie him up. Then they brought him to the king and put him somewhere to push around. They made him blind first. They

beat him up if he wouldn't work. And also people would laugh. After the first day were finished he would pray, but before the time he was going to pray he heard the king say, tomorrow we shall take the weakling bum and make him walk all day. And he prayed and he said where he would go he shall get his strength back. And I shall kill. And they started the next day, and they made him walk and they brought him there and he got strong and killed a thousand men.

Part IV

When Tom finished the story he only needed another fourth to finish the Bible. And he wrote about Adam and Eve. He wrote that they were naked around the fruit trees. And God comes and says, I heard someone talk there, come out thee, come out. Then Adam says, Thou, I'm Adam. Thou, I'm naked in the woods with my wife. God says, Thee shall not eat fruit. Adam says, Thou, I ate fruit. She gave me some. Thou said, thee may go. While God was making a grass skirt and another one Thou says, thee are human. And while Tom was finishing the Bible he wrote a letter. And he started to his friend across the street. He saw his friend across the street. He went half way and fell. His friend ran to get his new book. Tom was presently eighty years old and dead.

PART FICTION, PART NON-FICTION

James Leong

JAMES THE WISE WARRIOR

In 120 B.C. there was a war between the Romans and the Egyptians. The Romans had 21,900 soldiers and the Egyptinas had 3,009,200 soldiers. It all started when the Egyptians sunk a Roman ship that was carrying a Prince. The Egyptians sunk the Roman ship because the ship was also carrying gold and diamonds.

The war was not a fair war because the Egyptians had more soldiers than the Romans, but that was not a problem because there was a warrior called James who was a very wise warrior. The Egyptians were attacking at sea with war ships. But the Romans were fearless because James The Wise Warrior had an idea to defeat the Egyptians. The idea was to make a wall, a long one too. When James told this idea to the King of Rome the King liked it, so he ordered some men to build the wall. It took them about 12 years to

build the wall.

When the wall was completed it was 12,300 long. The Egyptians didn't have a chance of destroying the Romans with the wall that the Romans built, and that's how the Romans won the war with the Egyptians. It was all thanks to the wise warrior named James.

After the war do you know what did the people of Rome name the wall they built? If you don't I'll tell you that they named the wall The Great Wall of Rome. Next time if your teacher asks you who built the Great Wall you'll say, James.

Lai Yin Chu

THE STORY OF JAMES THE GREAT

In 150 B.C. there was a war called the Trojan War, between the Greeks and the Trojans. It all started when young Paris, son of the King of Troy, kidnapped Helen the beautiful wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta. The small states of Greece united in a war to destroy Troy and bring Helen back to Greece. The war continued about 10 years outside the walls of the city of Troy and neither side could defeat the other.

There was a warrior called James who had a plan to win the war. The plan was to build a huge wooden horse and hide some soldiers in it. When James told this idea to the King of Greece the King liked it so he ordered some men to build the huge wooden horse. After it was completed James and some Greek soldiers hid inside the wooden horse. At night the Greek soldiers put the huge wooden horse outside the city.

In the morning the Trojans found the wooden horse outside of their city. The Greeks told the Trojans that the horse was a gift for the goddess Athena. Then they sailed away. So the Trojans pulled the horse inside the city without knowing that there were people inside it.

At night when the Trojans were celebrating James and the Greek soldiers came out of the wooden horse. They opened the gates of the city and let the Greek soldiers in. After they went inside they burned the city and they killed a lot of people. After that the people of Greece called the warrior, James the Great.

Lai Yin Chu

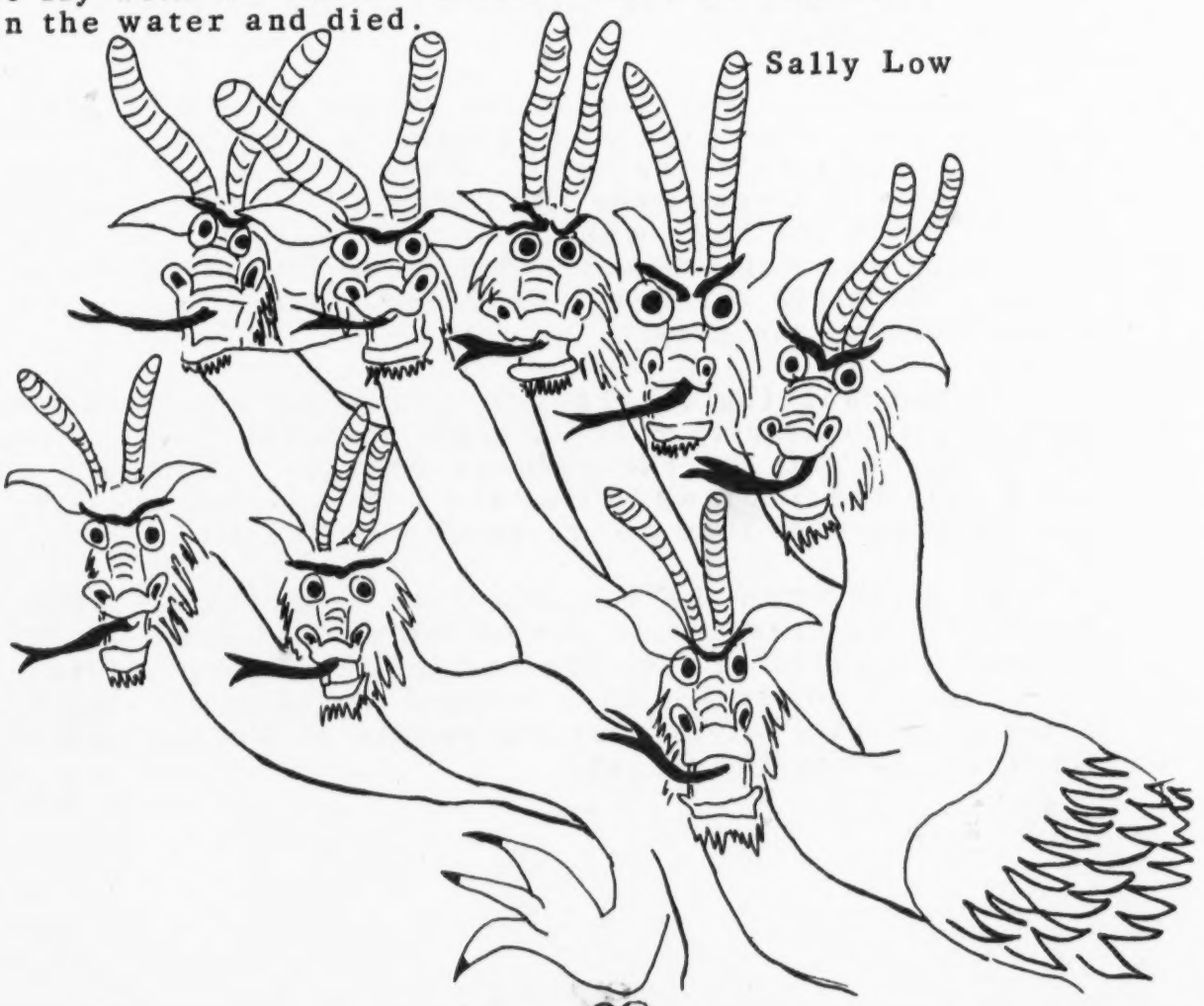
THE EIGHT-HEADED DRAGON

Many years ago when there were knights and dragons, way up high in the biggest mountain was a dragon who had eight heads, one pair of wings and breathed fire. No knights got up the mountain. One day the eight-headed dragon was tired of his cave on the mountain and flew off in the air to find a new place. He flew from England to America. There it was safe and he slept under the sun.

Soon two Indians came and saw it. They shot arrows at it. It didn't hurt him but he flew away. Soon he came to Hong Kong. It was crowded and he flew back to England where he had started. One day a young man said, I will kill the eight-headed dragon. He knew how the eight-headed dragon caused trouble. He knew that it ate all their vegetables and fruits. He dug a hole that went up, up, up. He dug at night, he dug in the day.

Soon he got there. He took his sword and stuck the dragon. The dragon was sleeping and when it was stuck by the young man's sword it breathed out fire. It hurt very badly and started to fly with the sword in him. He flew and dived in the water and died.

Sally Low



VI. Exposition and the Earth Book

THE SALMON STORY

In the streams in the woods of far off places salmon climb waterfalls to lay their offspring. Once every year a salmon eats a full meal and when it finishes the meal the salmon swims to its home stream and starts leaping the waterfalls. When they get up on the top they find a place to lay their eggs. They lay their eggs on the spot and bury their eggs in the sand and then they go away and die. First their fins disintegrate. Then they turn white and die.

When the babies are cracked out of the eggs they swim to waterfalls and get bigger. When they're grown up they swim faster. Then predators catch them and eat them and sometimes bears come and kill them. Some get away and some don't. Sometimes they get caught by getting stuck on big rocks. Then they suffocate and die.

The ones that get away live in the ocean and have their big meal until it's time to swim to waterfalls and leap waterfalls. Then they get up on the top and find a spot to lay their eggs. Then they lay them and bury them and die.

And the whole salmon family goes on and on and on.

Bryan Chaplin

001 99

THE MOSQUITO LIFE CYCLE

When a mosquito is an adult female she gets blood for her eggs stored in her body in the back. She get's cow's blood and other animals' and human blood, not insects'. She puts her needle in the skin and sucks the blood through the tube into her body to the eggs. Then she flies somewhere near the edge of a lake or river or pond and she lays the eggs on the edge. Then she dies.

Her babies start growing slowly and turn to larvae and slowly turn to an adult mosquito. The larvae crawl into the water. They start floating upside down. When they smell some food coming they use hairs to sweep it inside their mouths. They slowly change to a mosquito. Their legs grow bigger and longer and then the eye grows and they can see and then they get wings and they are an adult.

Then the generation starts all over. Some of them might get killed by people. A cow might whack its tail and kill some.

Kam Lui and Kevin Lee

GERBILS (an answer to a quiz)

(Man, that's too much! I already forgot the question.) A bear hunts for gerbils. What does "survive" mean? (It means to escape or get away.) Oh. When the gerbils are in the cage they bite the cage and they escape, like a beaver. I don't know how they get away from bears. Maybe by the grass. Hiding where the plants is. Dogs hunt for gerbils and cats too because a gerbil is like a mouse. The cats like gerbils to eat. They get inside a pipe and in somebody's hat or in somebody's shoes, like when a man is taking a bath in a lake. (Some men do that, and women too!) Or they could hide under the radiator. The alligator hunts for gerbils too and the crocodile. The species of dogs, cats, bears, alligators and crocodiles all hunt for gerbils.

When gerbils live with men some live in a tank, some live in a cage, and some live in a mousehole. Right? In a tank or cage they have wood shavings and maybe they might take a shave. They bite paper to make a nest. It's like a house. In it they sleep and they mate and have babies. They ain't got no bathroom. You want to know something? When my brother carry the boy gerbil home he made crap

in my brother's hand. NO! Don't write that. It ain't fair. Come on, stop it! No, I ain't going to tell you nothing. The end, stupid.

Ruth Cruz

BABOONS

Baboons live near the waterhole because they need water to drink or they die. Also, they go to trees to eat, sleep, and hide from meat-eaters.
Baboons live near impalas because impalas have good smell and baboons don't. Baboons have good eyesight. Baboons and impalas hunt for food together, like grass roots or tree roots or water. Baboons are herbivores. Baboons live in a troop of males, females and babies. There are about 40 baboons in a troop. Lions and cheetahs like to eat baboons. Baboons escape by climbing trees. They eat sap from trees too. The baboons bark like a dog when there is danger.

Janet says she saw a baboon in the movie and the nose looked like a thumb. The female baboon has a long nose. Baboons have some sharp teeth and some flat teeth. Their four feet look like hands. They are brown and covered with fur. Some of them have dirty fur because the elephant blew dust at them. Little baby baboons drink milk from the mother. The male baboon don't have any milk for the baby. The baby is born alive from the mother baboon. The baby baboon looks like a human body but it's all furry. It has big ears like someone John knows. The baby has skinny arms.

All baboons have fleas. One baboon picks the fleas from the other and eats them.

by Kevin, Norma, Eddy,
Sao Chun, David,
Janet, Chou Fong,
Lourdes, John and
Lamont

WHAT THE EARTH IS DOING

The Earth is shaped as round.
It has different colors like blue,
green, yellow and white.
We live on this planet, Earth.

Sometimes you can see the clouds moving.
But really the Earth is moving too.

At night I see the moon.
Sometimes I wake up at 6 and I see the
sun come up.
Sometimes at night the moon is yellow.
Once I saw it is golden too.

There are humans on planet Earth.
The Earth has people and houses on it.
Some people think that there are people
on Mars.
I think the planet Earth only has people.

When you take a plane to Hong Kong you
can see all the different colors,
And all the states and countries
from the window.

There are wild animals in the jungles
and Kenya and the forests.
Sometimes a camel lives in the desert,
But most camels are in the zoos.

The planet Earth has its axis.
In the United States rockets blast off
To space to find out about the Earth.
They make maps of the Earth.
Some people take pictures in the skies.

Once you look up the sky you never
believe the Earth is moving.
The Earth turns around the sun.
That's called its orbit.
The sun shines on each part of the Earth
at different hours.
When the Earth is turning the heat comes
from the sun.
It turns around its axis too.
All planets rotate around their own axis
and the sun.

Some people like to grow up to be a
scientist
To find out what the Earth is doing.

Kevin Lee

HOW THE EARTH BEGAN

The Earth really began with a whole lot of balls of fire. Some scientists say it started from the sun, a piece of the sun that broke off. The Earth was bigger then, they say. We got our moon because it broke off a piece of the Earth. There wasn't life right away. There was was just molten lava and erupting volcanoes. There wasn't one drop of rain. I found these things out because I've been studying a book.

After a couple of centuries of spinning around on its axis it started to cool off. Then there was only a little rain. The first life formed was a little particle animal made out of a whole lot of different kinds of cells from little particles of seaweeds. Then sooner on the organs broke up. After a couple years they made kinda funny-looking animals and plants. Some sea animals looked like a coil and when prehistoric sea creatures landed on it they grabbed them. Some of the fish animals started to develop legs and after a while some of them were able to walk on land but live in water. Some of the sea creatures got permanent legs and couldn't live in the sea. Then there were two different kinds.

Some of the land creatures that came out of the sea started to climb trees. Finally, the ones that climbed trees developed wings. It took a while to learn how to use them so they could fly. Finally one of the ones on the trees with wings slipped off and started to fly. The sea creatures and the bird-like creatures all started to go through all different kinds of stages time and time again. They kept going through more stages and then they stopped at dinosaurs. Then there were two different kinds of animals—reptiles and mammals. Then it started to get too hot for the dinosaurs cause the Earth got a little closer to the sun, I guess, and the dinosaurs were cold-blooded so then they passed away and then came humanoid apes.

It kept on going and cave men came and kept on going and going until it finally came up to us. Usually in Asia and Europe they found most of the humanoid bones. Most of them you can find in museums now, like the Museum of Natural History. If you need any more information you should take a visit to the Museum of Natural History.

John Morris

THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH

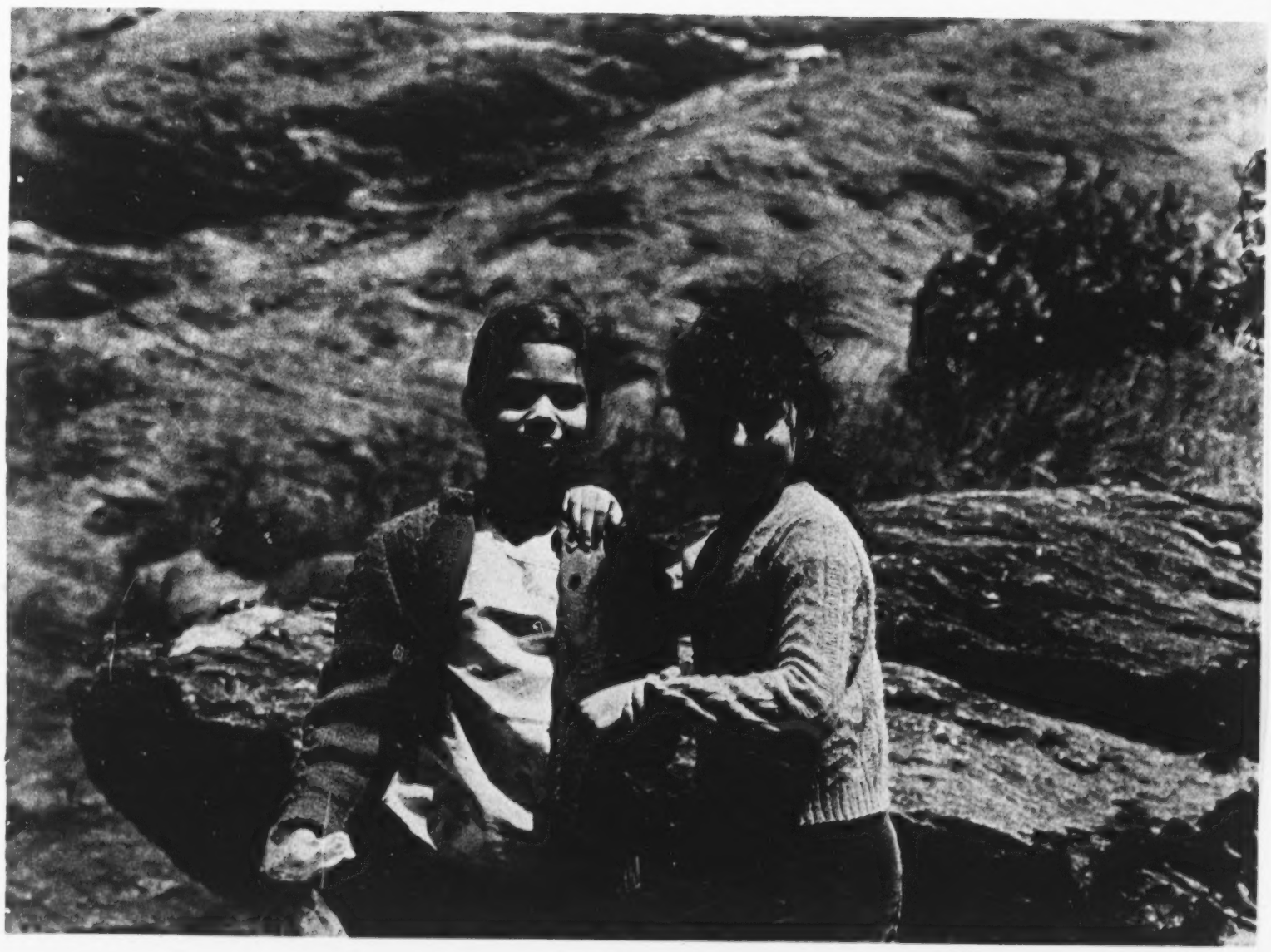
Some of the people are Chinese, some are Spanish and some are Black. Some Spanish people are kind and nice to you and some are bad. Some have black hair, some have brown, and some have white. Their eyes are blue and sometimes black or brown. Some are tall and some are short. Some are fat and some are skinny. Some of them almost look the same. Some of them are twins.

Some live on countries, some live in cities and some in states. In the country they build barns and milk the cows. When they live in the city they have tall buildings and some live in houses. Some of them like to wear fashion clothes and some wear clothes that are fancy.

They live on continents that are big. The people that are Black live in Africa. Spanish people live in Mexico. The people that live in Washington are famous. White people live in South America, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Some people live near the ocean and some people live near the lakes. Chinese people live in Hong Kong and China.

Janet Wong

VII. Classics

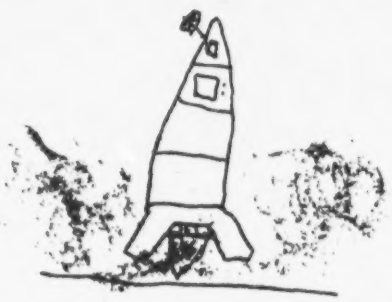


Lourdes Almadovar and Ruthie Cruz

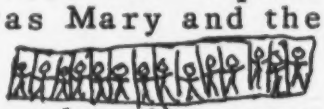
VOYAGE TO JUPITER

Well, it all started at Cape Kennedy when people started sending letters to them. They said, WE SHOULD SEND ASTRONAUTS TO JUPITER, ABOUT TWENTY PERSONS. The General of Cape Kennedy sent the letters to the President of the United States. The President said, all right, send the astronauts to investigate the planet to see if nobody is there. There were two girls and eighteen men astronauts. Cape Kennedy built a giant rocket ship. The rocket ship had thirty floors. There is something I forgot to mention. The title of this story I changed from Saturn to Jupiter because it is a bigger planet than Saturn and it has a lot of moons just in case something happens.

So the day came for the twenty astronauts to go to Jupiter. Then the men in the control tower said, COUNT DOWN.....10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1
0
BLAST OFF!

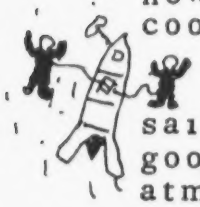


So they took off. Everybody in the whole world is seeing this fantastic thing on T.V. And then when they got out of Earth's atmosphere the twenty astronauts were frozen in their cases. In six hours they unfroze. The captain of the spaceship was a little hungry. He wanted some coffee. One of the girls made the coffee. The Captain's name was David. One of the girls was Mary and the other girl's name was Rhoda.



They saw shooting stars. A lot of stars hit the rocket ship and it was shaking and wobbling. It almost got out of control. The driver of the spaceship was the Captain. On the way they saw Mars. Rhoda said, Mars looks nice. She saw two moons going around it. The color of the planet was red. David sent two men to go out of the spaceship to walk in space. Where the door is there is like a hook for the astronauts to put their ropelines to. One of the astronauts jumped out and he floated. It seemed nice to float around in space. The Captain talked to them by radio. He said,

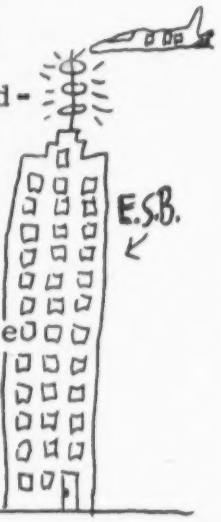
how do you feel out there? They answered, real cool!



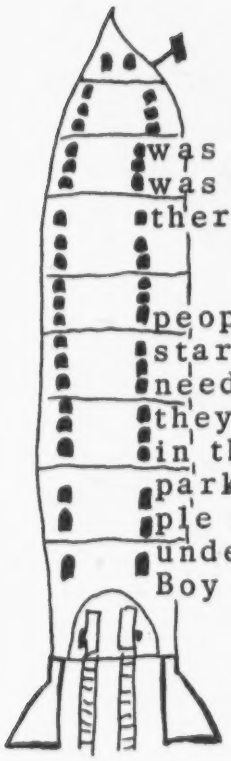
One of the astronauts saw Jupiter ahead and said to the Captain, sir, I see Jupiter. He said, good, in a few minutes we'll be entering Jupiter's atmosphere. David spoke to the men out of the spaceship and said, come inside. So they did. And they landed. The Captain said, first we must know if the air is good for human breathing. They had a little machine on the top of the spaceship and the Captain went to the top and there was a turning meter to tell if the air is good for human life. The Captain tried the meter. He said, this is a miracle that the air is good for human life.

Then everybody put on their suits. Do you know why? Because just in case if a meteor hits the planet and something happens to them. So they got out and explored the planet. They didn't see nothing strange at all. So the Captain went inside and radioed earth. He told them it was all right to send spaceships to Jupiter so Earth did send spaceships to Jupiter. The rocketships was twenty times as big as the first spaceship to Jupiter.

Do you know why they sent spaceships to Jupiter? Because the Earth was getting too full of people. There were no more apartments and they couldn't knock down old buildings because people wouldn't let them and there were too many people everywhere. There were millions of people on Earth. People had to squeeze through crowds to get around and a lot of traffic was on the highways. Nobody could move because all the humans filled the houses and apartments too full and wouldn't leave them. Some people had to build their houses in back yards because they were too big. The Hopper family had so many cats, dogs, turtles, and children and one gold fish that they had to build an extra room in the back yard. They was the biggest family in the world. All the animals were running around. Even the schools was full of children. They had to put children 50 in each class so crowded they was. They even had to let people live in the Empire State Building.

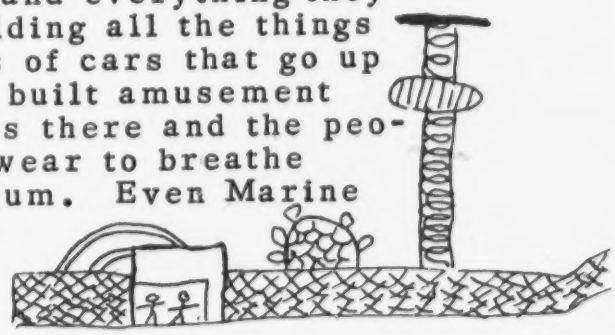


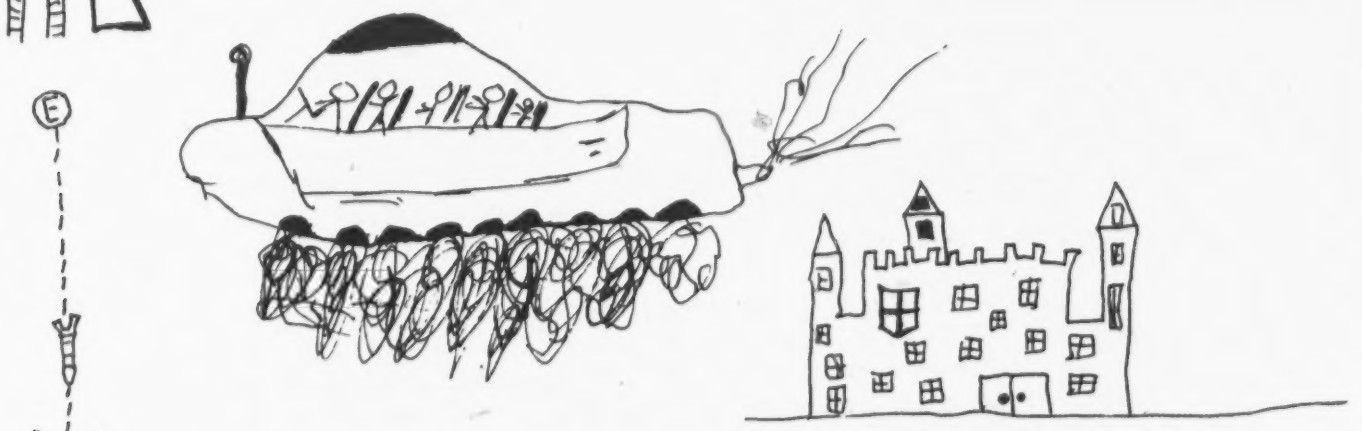
When Cape Kennedy built all the spaceships everybody tried to rush to Cape Kennedy to get the best seats. The first rocket ship blasted off to Jupiter. A lot of people got in the second rocket. The Hopper family was in the second rocket. All the animals had toys in another rocket that blasted off when the first two rockets blasted off. When the Hopper family took off they was happy because they



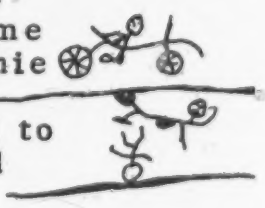
was going to live on Jupiter. They thought Jupiter was a very nice place. There were no Martians there.

Then all the spaceships got to Jupiter. Some people stayed on Earth. The people on Jupiter started making houses and cars and everything they needed. When they finished building all the things they needed they made new kinds of cars that go up in the air like airplanes. They built amusement parks. They had very deep pools there and the people made things for the kids to wear to breathe under water, a special kind of gum. Even Marine Boy was there.

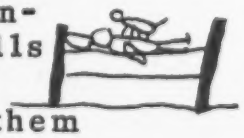




Bryan Chaplin was in my crew and John Morris. They were the best guys in my crew. When the President saw the first people that went to Jupiter he gave them two medals each. Bryan got three and John got three. Lamont and Ruthie built a rocket ship and went to Jupiter but they didn't like staying there. The Hopper family got the biggest house, a castle. When Ruthie got to Jupiter she tried to find me. When she found me she wanted to punch me in the nose because she was mad. She was one of the first to volunteer to go to Jupiter but I picked two other girls. She was real mad. When she found me I said I was sorry. Rafael stayed on Earth. Ruthie found a beautiful, handsome boyfriend. He was Danny Osmond. A month later Ruthie got married to that fellow. Lamont rode his bike. It was a good bike but it floated up in the air and he fell on his head.



Even Underdog came and the rabbit and the gerbils. The gerbils got away and got lost. Mr. Landrum went home and when he went to bed the gerbils was climbing up on him. And when Mr. Landrum woke up he saw the gerbils on his bed and he put them



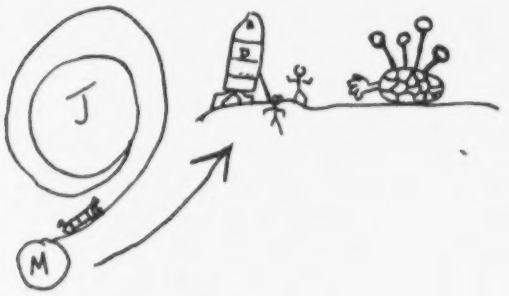
in a big box where they could never get out and he put some gerbil food in.

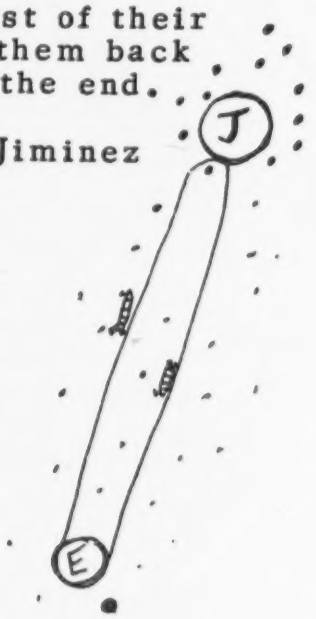
After a month on Jupiter everything started to be all right. Almost all the scientists wanted to study more about Jupiter and its moons. It was interesting. Mr. Currier was the best teacher on Jupiter, and Mr. Landrum too. The scientiest was making a spaceship to send three astronauts to Jupiter's moons to see if there's any aliens. And when they got to one of the moons they saw something funny looking. Like a little glob with antennaes and one hand on their front. They shot the strange creature and brought him back to Jupiter for the scientists. They thought the creature was very strange.

One day I was walking and I saw Anthony and his brother Angelo walking down the sidewalks. Anthony and his brother was singers. They was the second-best singers on Jupiter. Johnny Cash was the best. Norma was in her house loving her rabbit and kissing her. At school Jonathan was painting. Lai Ko was teaching Chinese in an open classroom in the language area. John Morris was the wicked, bad warlock of Jupiter. John turned Norma into a bird. He even turned my pet hermit crab into a rabbit. And I had a friend who lived next door to me and his name was Felix. He wasn't Felix The Cat, don't forget that.

All the people lived on Jupiter the rest of their lives. When the people died they brought them back to Earth and bury them there. And that's the end.

David Jiminez





WHEN I GO TO AFRICA

When I'm 19 years old my teacher is going to give me a rabbit. When I'm 20 years old I'm going to live all by myself and pick up my friends and go to Africa to live there for the rest of all my life. And maybe Mr. Landrum will take me to Africa to live near the savannah.

If I see some animals I will throw a smoke bomb that makes you sleep and I will take the babies. If the mother have more babies I will take them up the tree to my house. My house is up a tree. I will have an elevator. I'll make the elevator with big rope. Then when a girl lion have babies I will give one of them to my next door neighbor. Her name is Maribel Gonzales. We ain't gonna marry nobody and we gonna live there.

When Rafael comes with Lamont and two girls and the girls want to live with us we gonna hide her in our club house. It's in the top of a tree too but far away. When Rafael try to kill us we bring our cheetah, leopard, panther and lion to jump on them and they will be dead. That's IF they want to kill us.

But first Rafael says he's going to India and second he's going to Africa. But I'm going to Africa first and still I'm going to live there for ever and ever and ever for my whole life and then I will be the King of the Animals. I'm going to have millions and herds of elephants. And then I will make the carnivores be friendly to the herbivores. But I'm going to make my dress just like Tarzan's and Maribel's too, only it will cover the thing here (you know what I mean) just like this. And Norma might live with us if she has a $1,000 to go to Africa.

Some of the African people are friendly. Some of them wants to kill but some of them don't want to. They are friendly. In about the time when Rafael comes from India and comes to Africa with his two girl friends then if the girl friends run away from him they will hide and live with us. If they scream I'll tell them to shut up or I'll tell the animals to kill them. What you call that? Blackmail? Right! That will be blackmail. And I might call all my animals with this Tarzan scream to surround the house. And I might have a Tarzan rope to swing from trees to trees. I might build a trap for Rafael and Lamont and they might get caught. By the time Rafael comes from India (he might stay there for a long time) I'll be the King of some of Kenya, the

savannah part and part of the jungle.

And I might tell the baboons when I be friendly with them to call me when a man is coming instead of the lions. Then after I be friendly with the lions I will tell them in their language to be friendly. I'll have a whole troop of animals and when someone comes like Rafael and they won't be friendly I'll call all the troop to surround them. If he won't listen to me I'll make him a prisoner.

When I'm 20 years old and I'm going to Africa I'll make a big doll to hide my rabbit and smoke bomb with sleeping gas inside and my butcher knife (you know the one that is long) and my rifle and my pistol (the one that kills the elephant) and the long knife on the stick that looks like the one they kill the whales with but the African kills the lion with it. My friend Maribel she's going to be practicing to scream just like me to call all the animals. Then if she learns and she has some animals she'll be part of the King of the Animals.

And then if me and Maribel we want to go hunting we take our butcher knife and if we see a turkey over there we'll throw it (just like this—wwwhhhhisshhhhhh) and chop their head off and we will pull all the feathers out of the turkey and cook it for our dinner. We share some of it for the carnivores and some for the herbivores. Some for the baboons because they eat the brains and meat of the little Thompson's gazelle. Mr. Landrum is going to cook the turkey. I'll be a young lady and he'll be an old man.

I will put on the floor those things that go through the shoes and Rafael will go OUCH, WHAT WAS THAT? Or I might put those rope traps that when I cut it he hangs by his feet like that and goes OOOOOOOHHH! If he cut the rope he will fall on the things that the genii sleeps on and die just like that. After Rafael falls I'll pull a thing and the floor will open into a hole and he'll fall in with a whole bunch of lions or maybe I'll put crocodiles there. If I forget what I put there maybe he'll walk somewhere else and then I put another trap. If my trap don't work I'll go up a hill and push a rock and he's gone just like that. If I have animals just like the cheetah they'll jump on him. If the cheetah misses and falls I'll send the water buffalo, the water buck, the Thompson's Gazelle, and the baboon to get him.

And that's the end of my story.

Ruth Cruz

HOW COUNTRIES GET STARTED

There was some people who got greedy and they grabbed land. When other people find out they stole the land you got war. When the greedy people won they started a tiny country. Some people who are more greedy start grabbing the land from a corner of the Earth and they start wars. But the bad guys never won.

Some people in Vietnam was so greedy they want more land. They try stealing a piece. The United States is fighting in the war. If the United States lose they will win the piece of land. But don't worry, the bad guys never win.

Even little animals have wars in their territory. Animals start hitting each other. Even little rabbits fight other animals for land. Even dogs start fighting. The dogs ain't man's best friend any more.

People in Vietnam town and country are damaged by the war. Some die of pain. No medicine for the people, all for the army. Sargent Fory and Crawling Man and John Henry were in the war too. And bums start fighting about wine. People in T.V. start talking every day about the people who got killed and injured.

Too many people are in heaven and they have to send them to hell. But the hell is too full and they've got to send them back to Earth. But the heaven people started begging and saying, don't let me go. Heaven was real nice and the people don't want to go down. When the heaven people was sent down more people and animals have babies. The Earth was really full and people got greedy and they stole some piece of Vietnam.

Vietnam was real mad and they had a big war. People got dying and starving but the army got to have more food to give them strength. Bums were called to the army because people didn't want to go in the army. Bums became good men and they quit wine. More airplanes and tanks are needed and also medicine. Nurses and doctors got tired and people need them. Doctors got lazy and give little bit of medicine to people and people was dying.

They need more ammunition to fight the war. People in Vietnam was getting stronger. People in the United States are real scared they might lose. T.V. news are getting more about the war. People wish Superman is here. Bryan Chaplin and John Morris can't stop the war. Vietnam is scared about the war too, that they will lose. People were anxious to see the news. Some people in the United States was real scared that they would lose.

(cont'd.)

Teenagers started saying, WE WANT PEACE, WE WANT PEACE! Lots of teenagers die by the police. Some of the doctors die because of so many operations. Scientists are real busy thinking up something powerful for the war, but they never came out with anything. The President is trying to stop the war but he can't. The teenagers got socked in the mouth by saying, WE WANT PEACE. The police want them to cut their hair short. The income tax is getting higher. Maybe the war will be continuing for 1.000 years.

They caught many Vietnam people and they put them in the United States army. The ships of the United States navy got blown up and sunk and some people are in life boats.

People got very poor. The income tax got higher and higher People was going to Hong Kong. There was no war there. But people can't afford to take the plane there. Some people can't afford to see a show. And there's no business for the movies. People was going to another place. Some of the rich people was selling their cars. If they don't there's no oil and gas and equipment to drive it so they sell it for money instead of parking it.

Vietnam is running out of ammunition. The United States people is not so worried so they calmed down a little. In Vietnam the army stopped for a few days for a rest. In some of the land the food is broken. There's less food on the country of Vietnam. Some of the army went back to their family to see them and some doesn't want to leave. Some of the families got babies and some of the fathers go to see the babies but they have to go.

The war went on and on. I don't know what's happening. This is only what I think is happening.

Jonathan Ling

CLASS 507

Chapter 1
The Miracle Scene of Class 507

Our Class 507 has unique abilities in singing and also unique minds. In the beginning of the school year everyone was dumb but not anymore. When winter time rolled around our teacher Miss Brooks told us that we were going to give a concert. She said that if we can't do it she would teach it to our bones. Therefore our bones were taught. On March 15, 1971 she walked us to the Bowery Saving Bank and made us do the concert in front of everybody. That's why I said that we have unique abilities in singing and, by remembering, all other kind of things too. My class does things fast too. In January she made us sing in Chinese for the whole school. It was hard to memorize the words but we still did it, to memorize the words. It was difficult but a complete success.

Chapter 2
Mature Class 507

There is always something happening in Room 507. Our class is also smart, not dumb as usual. They get smarter each day and they behave most of the time. When a discussion approaches and everyone enters in it's really amazing. It would turn out to be an two hour discussion instead of a short half an hour talk. The class learns a great deal by discussions. There are different discussions in my class. There are discussions about social studies, pollution, people, and also about grievances. The class has games to play. For example, we have learning games as opposed to playing games. Class 507 is mature because my class is treated like adults and they also behave like adults. The class listens like adults too. They know how to paint like real painters and our room is like a beautiful museum.

(cont'd.)

Chapter 3
Pets of Class 507

In the month of December our teacher Miss Brooks went with a girl in our class to buy some pets. Our teacher Miss Brooks bought two guinea pigs, male and female, a hamster, three turtles and a huge tortoise. These pets were bought for their nice appearance and also for playing. About two months later our guinea pigs had mated and had two babies overnight. During the morning the mother started to clean them and then we had four guinea pigs. No other pets in our room had any babies. But weeks later our teacher had thought over that she would buy another guinea pig so she went to the store and got another guinea pig. It was all white and unknown because no one noticed her. The new guinea pig always fought with the mother but they still made a good family.

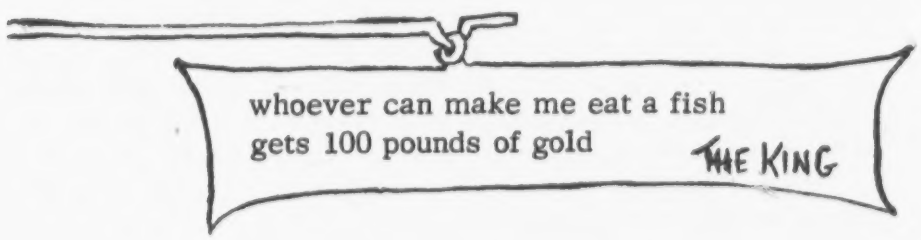
Chapter 4
The Environment of Class 507

The environment of Class 507 is much too [illegible] because of the black pollution next to the school. I assume that they should be [illegible]. They don't have a legal right to make [illegible] pollution that is smelling up the [illegible] school environment. It would kill people or [illegible] they would get a disease from the pollution. The pollution is just like cigarettes but more dangerous. I thought that the black smoke would stop for a merchant. However, I was misled. The nightmare still continues.

James Leong

BIGMOUTH AND NICK'S FISH

Once in a kingdom called Pig and Pine there lived a king called Bigmouth. He likes the people in his kingdom, and the people like him. But one thing the people hate about him is he doesn't like fish. So he put out a sign saying



Three hundred men try but fail. But a boy named Nick is very smart. He bought a fish. He cooked it real brown like steak because he knows that the king likes brown meat. Then he brought the fish into the palace. Before he brought the fish into the palace he cut off the fish's head and tail.

He told the king, "This is the best meat in the kingdom." The king thought it was animal meat so he ate it. Then the king asked Nick, "What kind of meat is it?"

Nick told him it was a fish. So the king gave him the 100 pounds of gold and made him his royal fish cooker.

Nick's family lived happily ever after. And so did the king.

THE END

John Morris

KING KONG VERSUS A ROBOT MONSTER

Once three men and one girl were riding in a boat to this enchanted island. When they got there the lady said, is this the place? And the man said, this is it. The other man said, something smells fishy around here. The other man said, you're right, there's a giant fish. And the giant fish roared, Growwwllllll. Then the giant fish spotted them. So they ran and ran and ran until there were in the deep forest bushes. And then they saw a huge mountain with a giant cave on it. So one man said, let's climb up there. But the other man said, no!

Then they heard footsteps coming down from the mountain. And then they saw Kong coming down the mountain. They ran back to the beach. And when they got there Kong was coming. So they climbed up another mountain. Then Kong climbed up the mountain that they were on top of. And the lady said, I think he's chasing us. So two of the scaredy-cats men jumped down the mountain. But they didn't die. They fell on a soft bush. Then they ran back to the beach and they told the lady and the man up the mountain, come on down. The man up on top of the mountain jumped down too and went to the people at the beach. But the lady was still up there. So she jumped in the water and Kong put his hand in the water from the mountain and grabbed the lady. And the lady said, put me down Kong, put me down. And Kong did.

So the lady ran next to the other men at the beach and Kong climbed down the mountain and then he heard some more footsteps. It was a Brontosaurus getting ready to step on the people. But Kong pushed the Brontosaurus away. So they had a fight. Kong grabbed the Brontosaurus' leg and flipped him over two times. Then the Brontosaurus took his tail and whacked Kong. And Kong fell down. He got back up and picked up the Brontosaurus and threw him up all the way to a volcano. Then the Brontosaurus went down the volcano and went away.

Then this airplane came with bad men inside it and Kong was trying to run away from them. Then they dropped a huge sleeping bomb on Kong. The plane landed down and tied up Kong with a chain. Four more planes came and tied the chain to their planes. Then they lifted up Kong and flew away

with him. This other plane came and landed and caught the good people and they were prisoners. Then when the bad people got to their headquarters they locked up Kong in a cage. The cage was inside a wall. Then the people was locked up in another cage. And the bad people pressed this button and poison came to the good people's cage.

Then Kong woke up and the good people were calling Kong and then Kong broke out of the cage and knocked the walls down and he saved the people. And the bad people let their robot loose. Kong put the good people in an airplane. They took off to the city. Then Kong was running away but the robot was chasing him. Then Kong turned around and started chasing the robot. Then the robot ran all the way to the city and Kong ran to the city too. They saw the people at the city. Then the robot climbed up the Empire State Building. Then Kong climbed up the Empire State Building. And the police came.

They started shooting at both of them. And the lady said, NO, don't shoot at Kong. Kong is friendly! So they stopped firing at Kong. And Kong grabbed the robot's feet and the robot started kicking Kong and trying to make him fall. Then Kong got so mad he knocked the robot's foot off. Then the robot said, HELP, HELP! Then the robot fell of the Empire State Building. And he blew up.

Then Kong climbed down the Empire State Building. The lady and Kong and the three men went to this barn and let Kong sleep in it. They slept in a house next to the barn. Then in the morning they woke up and they saw Kong eating bananas. So they had their breakfast and then Kong got up and the lady and the three men and Kong went to the highway. They went to the beach and Kong said, I have to go now, bye. But the lady said, not yet. She's going to give him a medal. Then Kong was called King Kong. He jumped into the water and swam back to his island where he could have peace and quiet without staying in the noisy city.

Then the lady said, I wonder what Kong was? A man said, he was a giant gorilla. They lady said, how did he know how to talk? The man said, he put a tape recorder under his skin when you was sleeping. The lady said, Kong was a good gorilla. The man said, do you want to go back to this island and have fun with him? The lady said, that's a good idea. The other man said, oh no, I'm not

going through that trouble again!

They started laughing. They watched Kong swim all the way back to his island. They said to the lady, next time we're going to go and visit Kong and bring him a bunch of bananas for his birthday, and we're going to tell Kong to call all his dinosaur friends to come to his party and have fun. Then we're going to give Kong a throne room and a King's chair. We're going to remember him and we might even live there on Kong's island. The lady said, let's do it.

And then they did. Kong made them a cave right next to his. And the man and the lady got married. Kong's wife came and she was Queen Kong. They all lived happily ever after. And that's the end. And so that was the legend of Kong, King Kong, and the three men and the girl. That's all I have to say. Bye bye everybody.

Bryan Chaplin

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND THE GHOST FAIRY

One day a lady named Betty she was walking down the street and a robber came and killed Betty. Then Betty's family was very unhappy. The people who live in the city put Betty in a coffin and dig a big hole.

One stormy night there was a lightning and a good fairy dig Betty's coffin out and took her to a haunted house. And the good fairy went up the stairs and put Betty to bed. Then Betty awaken and become a ghost and the good fairy's daughter was Betty.

One stormy night again the police and Betty's family went to see Betty's coffin and they saw that the coffin was dug out. Then Betty's family was scared because they think Betty was a ghost. At the night Betty's family was asleep and Betty's little brother was awaken because he heard the stairs was squeaking. Then Betty's little brother yell and the neighbors was awaken. All the neighbors came to Betty's house and knocked on the door and said to Betty's family, WHAT HAPPENED? Betty's real mother say her little kid cry out because he hear the stairs squeaking. Then Betty's real mother told them the real story and all

the neighbors got scared and went home. Betty's whole family was still thinking of the day when Betty's coffin was dug out.

One day The Evil called the Good Fairy and say, I may have your daughter when you die. The Good Fairy say, you may not have my daughter when I die. The Evil came and slapped the Good Fairy on the face. The Good Fairy had more power than The Evil and she turn The Evil into a chicken. The Good Fairy laughed and laughed until she cried, and she say to her daughter, please don't laugh so loud. Then the Good Fairy stop laughing and say, go fix dinner.

The Good Fairy's mother was a witch and she came just in time for dinner with her son. The Good Fairy's daughter saw the witch's son and fell in love with him. The witch's son fell in love with her too. The Good Fairy's daughter show the witch's son around her house. When they both walk up the stairs the stairs squeaked. They went out to see the poison ivy. Then the Good Fairy say, dinner is ready, come home, dinner is ready. They got for dinner fry chicken and hot chicken soup and for dessert chocolate pudding.

The witch and the son finish dinner and open the door to go. It was raining so hard. The Good Fairy say, you may stay with us till tomorrow. The Good Fairy daughter say, you may have my bedroom. I will sleep in the living room.

At midnight The Evil came and killed the Good Fairy and the witch. The witch's son and the fairy's daughter were very unhappy. Then the Good Fairy daughter say, I must kill The Evil. The witch's son say, you must have more power to kill The Evil. You must marry me and I will give you more power.

Part II How They Get Married

They got married yesterday. They move to the cave where there are lots of bats. Then the Good Fairy's daughter got babies. They were a boy and a girl. They named the boy Joe and the girl Lillian. The Good Fairy's daughter clean the cave just like the real home. The witch's son went to work and always came home with lots of money to buy the good Fairy's daughter a beautiful dress and golden glass shoes.

One stormy night again Joe's mother turned into a one-eyed ghost. The ghost killed The Evil and The Evil turned to a skeleton. The Evil Skeleton was bleeding blood like melting chocolate. The ghost won't worry about their children and they live happy after.

Chui Fong Chi

THE FAIRY WHO GAVE A NECKLACE TO ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Once upon a time there was a pretty house and there was a girl named Elizabeth Taylor. She was a pretty girl. Her father was poor and her mother was poor too. They have no money. She liked her family.

Every day she went out to see the sky in the park. When it is dark a star came out to play. When Elizabeth Taylor went to bed then a fairy came and tip-toed across her legs and came in. Then the fairy put a good luck charm under the pillow and then the fairy flew away.

The next day she woke up and she bump her head on her pillow. She saw a necklace. She didn't know it was a good luck charm but then she wore it as a necklace. So she went to school.

When she went to school Elizabeth Taylor said, I wish I know the test. Elizabeth Taylor's teacher said, take the test now. When the children write the test Elizabeth Taylor know all the spelling test. She finish the test. The teacher said, WHAT, SO FAST? Then the teacher gave her an A. When she got home she was happy. Her mother wanted to be so happy.

I have a 100 on my test.

That is great, said mother, how did you do that?

I don't know.

Mother said, what is that necklace?

I find it on my pillow.

It is very pretty.

I know that.

When they were going to eat dinner the night was dark. The good fairy came and tip-toed again. The fairy bump on a little book. The girl woke up. Elizabeth Taylor saw the

fairy. She said, who are you?

I am your fairy.

Did you give me this necklace?

Yes, I did. It is not a necklace, it is a good luck charm.

I know now. Are you my real good fairy? Can you bring me to the sky?

Oh yes, but it is night. You have to go to bed.

Please!

OK, just a minute, said the fairy.

Thank you, said Elizabeth Taylor. Weee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, this is fun. Can you do more?

No no, I can't, I have to go now.

Can you come tomorrow?

Yes, I can, said the fairy.

Elizabeth Taylor went to sleep. The fairy flew away into the sky. Elizabeth Taylor was happy. In the morning her mother called her to go to school. When she went to school she said, I wish I was good. She went in the room. Her teacher came in the classroom. Elizabeth Taylor said, can I read the story by myself? That's good, said her teacher. She read and read. She had 100 again. Her mother was proud of her. Everybody liked her.

A few nights later she woke up to see the fairy but the fairy didn't come. She went to bed. The night was dark, the star was gone, and Elizabeth Taylor was sad because the good fairy did not come at night. Every day she never went to sleep. Elizabeth Taylor had to woke up for her but she never came to see her because the fairy had to go to visit other children. When it is morning her mother said, good morning. But she did not want to eat so she went to school. Every child went into the classroom. They said, how are you? Then Elizabeth Taylor said, good morning. When school was over she went home. When she got home she didn't eat dinner.

Lai Ko

EIGHTEEN STOPS TO THE BRONX ZOO

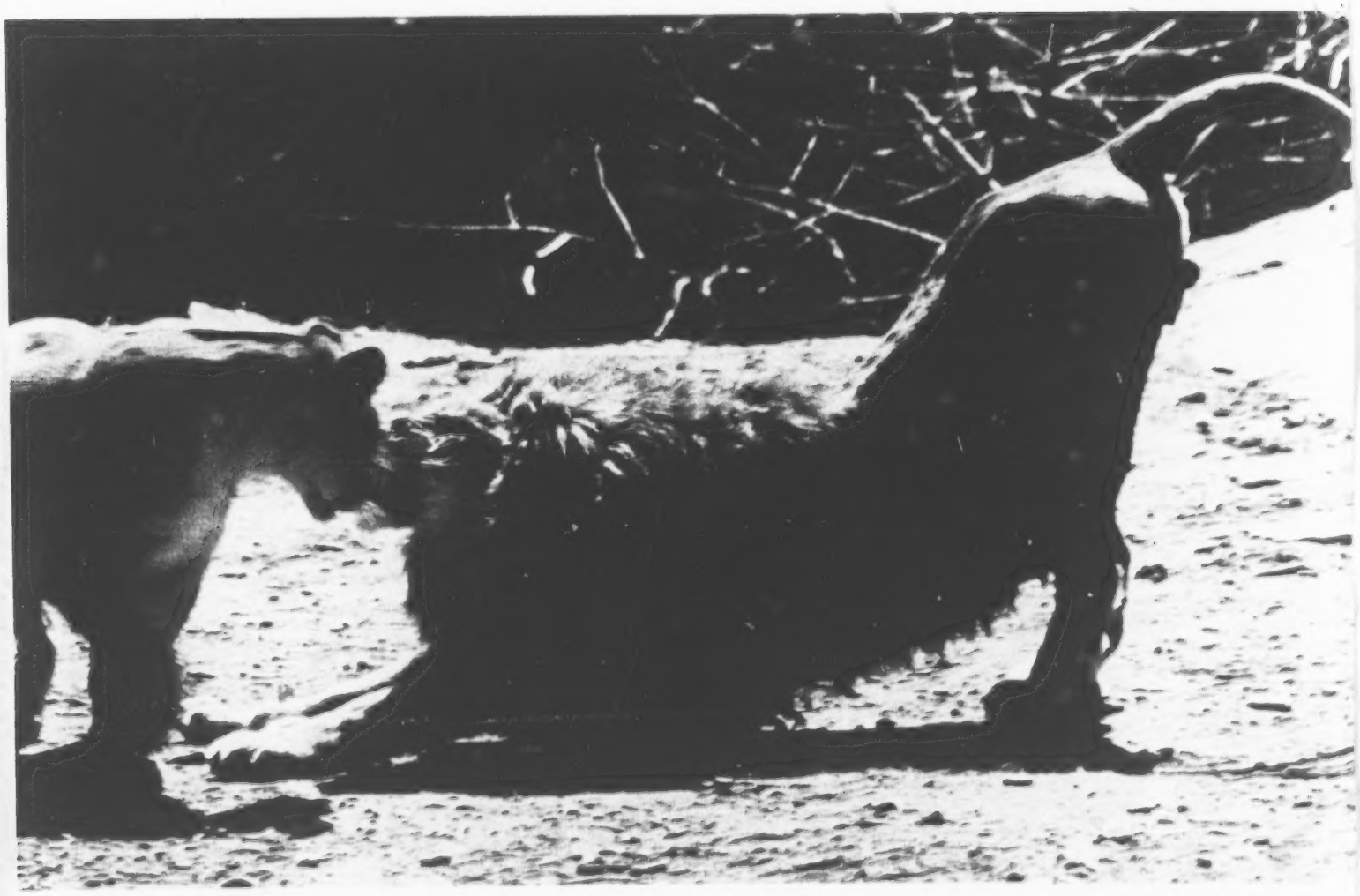
One day we went to school and people bring lunch. We went down the stairs and we went to Eddy's house in Chinatown. We called, Eddy, Eddy, Eddy. We ring on his doorbell. His apartment is 2B. But Eddy didn't come down so we went to the trip. We walk and walk until we get our feet tired. We got to the subway and we went onto the train and we have to go to 18 stops to get to the Bronx Zoo. People threw up from sick and I can't stand it. We got out the train and we walked down the steps. Again, walk, walk, walk. When we got there we got to sit on the grass and have a meeting. Mr. Currier said, when we go you will see the elephant and the animals. Mr. Landrum took our pictures. We went again and we have to walk.

First we saw the flamingo and the peacock, and I saw some pidgeons. Then who saw the lion first? I forgot. We all started running to see the lion. We saw two lions first. The female was resting and the male was sleeping. The male has lots of fur around his neck. It's called his mane. He's got eyes and a nose just like a cat. He looked strong ...his teeth and big shoulders.

THE LION

He is a wild beast with a
lot of hair;
And a wet nose, red eyes,
sharp teeth.
He walks on his four legs
and has a tail with a little
hair on the end.
Lots of whiskers and lots
of hair on his body.
His face is kinda mean,
and baby lions are
kind lions.

Bryan Chaplin



The female didn't have a name. You can see her ears. You can't see the male's ears. Then another lion came out to stand on a rock. Kam was trying to draw a picture of it but it got down.

THE LION
THE LION

He looks like a cat.
He looks like a cat;
He walks like a tiger;
He runs like a cheetah.
He's brown and a little bit white.
When he needs something he eats
as much as the elephant.
He's so smart.

Yu Kwong
Yu Kwong

We saw the ostrich near the lion's cage, where we were eating on some rocks. We started feeding candy. One liked it. The other one didn't. The ostrich got lots of feathers, a long hairy neck, a round face with a bill. He's got two long feet with three toes. He runs on two feet like us. Mr. Currier found us feeding the ostrich and told us to get out from there. We got out. Mr. Currier wasn't looking and we got back in. Bryan and David and Rafael joined Kam, Yu Kwong, Jonathan, Kevin and Thomas. Then everyone finish their lunch and Rafael and Kam threw rocks to wake up the lion. Mr. Currier said, STOP!

Then we went to see the giraffe, the giraffe got a long neck. It's 17 feet. It's got almost-square brown spots . . . little ones and big ones. It got long feet. It's got something like a horn on its head. Then David stuck his candy out and the giraffe came to it. He ate it. It felt yucky. He had a long tongue and David was scared for a moment. Mr. Landrum try to feed it. The giraffe came and ate three pieces from him. Mr. Currier tried. Giraffe took the candy. Mr. Currier liked the feeling. He looked scared. He didn't smile. He thought it might bite him!

THE GIRAFFE

He looked scared of me.
Big, big long neck and pretty.
He like to eat cookies.
They could hide in a door.
They do not scare and they
like people.
Spots on his whole body.
Color is yellow and brown.
Long feet, short ears, and
short tail.
Four legs.
Hoofs.
Live in a cage and have a
family.
I like it, it's cute.

Lai Ko

THE GIRAFFE

He's got a long neck,
four foots, and a tail.
I don't know what you call them
But he's got two things on his head.
He's got to open up his legs wide
To put his neck down to eat.
The babies are nice and kind.
They let you feed them right out
of your hand.
They chew like this!

Anthony Lang

Next we saw the elephant house. There was the rhino, hippo and elephant. When we got in the house the rhino was a great big one. Then the little tiny hippo was swimming in dirty water and one was getting out. We turned back and saw a great big elephant. It had a big ass, a long, long trunk and huge fat feet. It was fatter than the rhino and the hippo. The house smelled so nasty some people had to hold their breath. Then we went out and had to walk, walk, walk all the way to the lion's house.

Norma liked the Cat House very much. There were leopards, a tiger, jaguars, a panther. The lion looked like it was tame so I liked it. Mr. Landrum said, the tiger tried to attack the zoo man but the bars stopped him. Some of the cats sleep like a pig. They don't answer calls. They just sleep so we walk on.

We went to the monkey house. All around was monkeys ...big monkeys, little monkeys, medium monkeys, ugly monkeys, handsome monkeys, strong monkeys, fat-tailed monkeys, sisy monkeys, monkeys with chicken pox, one with a red nose and green mouth named a Mandrill. I went monkey from seeing so many monkeys.

The monkeys had big fat faces and small faces. There were all types of monkeys...baboons, mandrills, chimpanzees...all you can name except for man. The funniest part about it was the Mandrill's face. It looked like plastic.

The cage was behind glass. Some faces were fieree and some were funny, and some were scared. There were no gorillas. When I went out I felt sorry for those animals. Why don't they put men in the zoo? Except for Class 410 which is a zoo all by itself.

Then we saw the secret place...THE WORLD OF DARKNESS. When we went in it was so dark everybody started bumping into each other. Then we saw a swamp cage. It was open. We saw two skunks, male and female. We saw a cave with nothing inside. We saw a couple of zombies smoking grass. We saw bats, hanging on a tree. They looked like baby dinosaur birds called teradactyl. Bryan and John ran out of the dark house. We saw the passage way that leads in again. Bryan and John ran through again. When Mr. Landrum and Thomas, Jonathan, Yu Kwong, Kevin, Kam and Bryan and John came out they saw a big rock. They thought it was a meteorite that crashed right next to the DARK HOUSE. Mr. Currier came out and Bryan asked if we could go to the souvenir house, and buy some things. He said, NO, because it's time to go home. We started to walk, walk, walk. Bryan said, if we can't go to the souvenir house can we go to the gorilla house. He said, they aren't there. Bryan asked if we could see the kangaroo house. He said, we can't and we had to walk, walk, walk to the subway home.

Class 410

THE TRIP TO THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE:

OR HOW MR. CURRIER GOT BUMP EYES

It was Wednesday June 8th. Everyone brought their lunches for a trip except Mr. Landrum who was a cheap one. Everyone came except Eddy whose mommy was too cheap to buy him a lunch. Eddy cried, ahhhhhhhhhhhhh, mommy, why can't I go? Then he said, I've got a cheap mother!

We were all walking down a street and we got to a subway. Eddy was saying, they'll be hunting shrimps. His mother says, you're so ugly you'd scare them away. Eddy says, why can't I go on the train like ordinary people? His mother says, you'd get too hot. Your pants will stick there so you can't get up and you'd be there all night.

When we got off one train and went to another one we saw lots of people. Then we were going again. Eddy is home saying, they may be changing trains now; I want to change mothers. His mother said, if you were there your 1,000 pants wouldn't last. He said, I want my lunch now. I want to go on trips too. Steven came and said to Eddy, ugh, you're too big. Eddy said, all right shorty!

When we got there a lady, an ugly old thing, told us, hey, you can't go that way. The George Washington Bridge is over there. Go this way you nutheads! Then we got to the Little Red Lighthouse and it was closed. Kevin was Kam's partner. We ran to the seashore with some jars and milk boxes to catch some fish. We caught some seaweeds trying to run away from us. We grabbed them with our bare hands and had to struggle with them. We won. We put them in our milk boxes and drown them. Then we went and we saw a dead dog behind the rocks. Kam stayed there and Kevin and David ran to tell the teachers. Some teenagers came and danced there. And we saw two fishes walking around and we said, come in our jar.

Then we went up there on the mountain and we saw some ants walking around. They try to run away from us but we catch them. We had to fight them to win. The ants is the Eddy family and very ugly. We catch one and we say, we don't let you free for 1,000 years. We were killing an Eddy ant. We pinch him on the back of his ass. Eddy at home feels the pinch

and he yells, ahhhhhhhhhh! His mother says, what are you yelling for? Are you crazy? Eddy says, my ass hurts! I feel like I'm caught in a jar. His mother says, what's wrong with you today? You got to see a doctor. You're not in a jar. His mother calls a friend to play cards but Eddy was still in the jar.

More ants were in our faces when we were climbing. We took ants by their body and threw them 2,500,000 miles away. One said, am I in Japan?

Kam was looking for Kevin and he asked Lamont. Lamont said, he ran away and jumped inside a pool. I saw him there and I ran to him. I saw Mr. Landrum there pushing him in the pool.

Then Mr. Currier says, it's time for lunch. He put lighter oil on the barbecue and he got too close and burned his hand and got smoke in his eyes. Then he put a hot dog in the fire and it says, ahhhhhhhh, I'm too hot and Mr. Currier and Mr. Landrum kill many hot dogs and Jonathan and Kam was eating the dead hot dogs. Eddy was feeling so hungry his mother said, go eat yourself up. Eddy says, I don't taste too good. I'm salty. But he ate his left hand and that's why he has no left hand.

Kam looked for Kevin again. He saw him down in the pool. He ran there. Kevin said, I caught a cockroach, want to see it, it's dead. He fooled Kam. Then we went after fish. Kevin said, ohhhhhhhhh, my stomach hurts. Kevin throws up and many many fish came out. Then Yu Kwong says, ahhhhhhhhh, a little crab bit me. He had a fight with him and the little crab won. He was lying on the rock.

Kam went back to the mountain. Kevin was still looking for fish. One came out and says, will you keep me? The fish went inside the jar. You got food for me? If you don't I want out. If you got no food I don't want to live here and the little fish jumped out into the river. Yu Kwong caught a big fish, a real fish. He put it in a cup and the fish was hitting the side real hard. Then Kevin discovered something, how to get fish. He put a little rock inside and some seaweed inside and went away. He doesn't worry about it. When he comes back a little fish is in there eating.

Eddy is at home saying, where am I/ His mother says, you're at home. But I feel like I've been travelling a long time. Can I go out and play? She says, if you go out and play you'll scare the little

children away from the park. He said, I'll wear a mask. She said, the last time you went you scared three little children and we had to pay the doctor bill.

Then Eddy saw a little fly. He tears the wings out and tastes it and save one piece for his mother. His mother says, ahhhhhhhhhhh, you play with those dirty things and she hit his hand. The fly without wings is running around and he picked it up and smashed it. Worms came out of his stomach and Eddy said, mommy, look what I found. She says, don't play with those dirty things.

Then it was time to go home. Mr. Currier was so cheap he made us go home late. His eye was getting itchy and scratchy. He itch it and scratch it and it gets lumpy and big. He yells, I got to go home, I got to go home. He is standing in the train and Norma and Ruthie are holding his hands.

We change trains but Eddy is still riding the same old train. Eddy's mind feel like travelling in a train home from Japan. Two minutes later Eddy threw up all those foods he ate in Japan. Eddy found a new mother. She was ugly and mean. She is a step-mother and Eddy was forced to come back to his house.

Then the train stopped and Mr. Currier was going home. We was scared his big eyes would get hurt. Mr. Landrum said to him, go take a chocolate soda shower. He went home holding his eyes. When Norma let go of his hands he was scratching his eyes again. Then we went home with Mr. Landlover. A man in Teachers Inc. says, hi Roger, and he says, hi. When he went in there we ran off.

That's the end of the story of how Mr. Currier got bump eyes.

Kam Lui and
Jonathan Ling